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RELIGION, FACTS,
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TRADITIONS OF
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After the meats came the puddings and pies. (See page 84.)

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

THE CHRISTMAS REUNION.

BY AUGUSTUS M. HODGES ("B. SQUARE").

'Twas a bright Christmas morning in "Ole Kentuck";
Aunt Sallie was busy disrobing a duck —
A featherless turkey close by her side lay,
Prepared for the dinner that bright Christmas day.
'Twas a family reunion, and Uncle Joe Moore
And his good wife Aunt Sallie, both ten and threescore,
Had gathered around them their "girls" and their "boys,"
With these "children's" children — the grandparents' joys.
The "girls" (all past thirty) were helping to make
The "sweet tater puddin's," the pies, and the cake;
The "boys" and the grand-boys the fires were making,
The oldest granddaughter the biscuits was baking,
The little grandchildren — a dozen or more —
Were tumbling about just outside of the door;
While Uncle Joe Moore, the venerable sire,
Sat smoking his pipe with his back to the fire.
When the clock tolled the midday the feast was complete,
And after each member had taken his seat,
The venerable sire rose up from his chair,
And with uplifted arms he offered this prayer:
"We thank Thee, our Father in heaven," he said,
"For the abundance of good things before us now spread;
We thank Thee, dear Lord, that I and my wife
Have been spared by thy goodness to reach an old life;
We thank Thee, of all things, the sweetest and best,
For our dear children's presence from North, South and West.
Continue Thy blessings, Thy goodness, Thy love,
And prepare us to meet Thee in heaven above."
The grace being over the feast was begun.
The duck and the turkey were carved one by one;
The big chicken pot-pie received the same fate,
And a generous helping was piled on each plate.

After the meats came the puddings and pies ;
Then how the grandchildren all opened their eyes
When one of their uncles from far Illinois
Brought out from the closet a basket of toys.
As dinner was over, the venerable sire
Rose up from his seat and stood by the fire,
Where he called to his side each lamb of his fold,
And blessed and caressed them like Jacob of old.
"What changes we've seen, Sal," remarked Uncle Joe,
"These years we've been married, some forty or so.
Now let me see, forty? Yes, forty-one years
Today, since we met at Uncle Bill Steer's.
I remember, ole 'oman, you looked mighty gran',
And I was then, children, er good-lookin' man.
I walked with your mother from Clayton that night,
And 'fore we got home, why I got in a fight.
Tom Scott, a 'patroller,' insulted your mother,
So I knocked him down, and Ed, his big brother.
I then asked your mother if she'd be my wife.
Her answer was: 'Yes, Joe, since you risked your life
For me up the road, and licked old Tom Scott,
Yes, I'll be your wife; why, Joseph, why not?'
But the next day, my children, my master sold me
To an ole 'Nigger trader' from East Tennessee,
Where I worked on a farm without seeing your mother
For eighty long days, till me and another
Plantation hand run away and met with good luck,
For we soon found ourselves on the soil of Kentuck.
'Fore my ole master knowed I run erway
We two was married that same Christmas day.
We was married at Scottsville by ole Peter Brown,
Who was a white minister that lived in the town,
And would marry us slave folks no matter or not
If our masters was willing, if we only had got
A couple of chickens or a barrel of corn.
The very next Christmas our Lucy was born,
And the next of the past that I now can remember
Is when we moved here the following September.
Then came the war, Sal, and ole marster died,
While Missus and you, Sal, stood by his side.
Then I left you and children, and went out to fight
For the Union and Freedom one warm summer's night.
Then good Abr'am Lincoln, he sot us all free,
And we had in the county a big jubilee.
Then you boys and you girls all worked hand to hand

To buy me and your mother this house and this land.
Then some of you married, and some went out West,
While me and your mother, along with the rest,
Stayed on the old homestead and worked night and day,
A farming and trucking, and made the work pay.
We are glad for to meet you all back here once more,
And see your dear babies together, before



Sat smoking his pipe with his back to the fire.

Me and your mother (we are both old and gray)
Receive old Death's summons to call us away.
God bless you, my children, through life, is my prayer,"
And the venerable sire sat down in his chair.
The rest of the evening was passed in a measure
Receiving old friends or by chatting in pleasure
Till long after midnight, with hearts light and gay.
'Twas a happy reunion that bright Christmas day.

THE STORY OF THE PASSION PLAY.

MORRIS LEWIS, PARIS, FRANCE.

Illustrated from photographs of the Play taken at Ober Ammergau during the past summer.

Thousands of people have been abroad this year, and in their European wanderings a large proportion of them have wended their way to the quiet valley of the Ammer, where lies the village of Ober Ammergau.

Following in the pathway of all these people, I boarded a train at the Gare de l'Est in Paris and was soon whirling from France on my way to Germany. I crossed the frontier and was soon on the German cars rushing on to Munich, where I would make close connection for Ober Ammergau, being anxious to reach there before the rush, for it is necessary for one to stop over night to be entitled to a ticket for the Passion Play. Leaving Munich at about 9 in the morning of Saturday, Sept. 22, I arrived in Ober Ammergau about 1 o'clock and in a short time had secured quarters for one night (Saturday) for ten marks (\$2.50), and the lady of the house guaranteed a seat at 2 marks, which is by no means the most advantageous, but as seats must be had through the landlady I decided to made the best of it. The story of the origin of the play is as follows:

About the beginning of the 17th century, the story goes, round about the peaceful valley of the Ammer in Bavaria (Southern Germany) there came a great pestilence among the people. The little

village of Ober Ammergau seemed spared a great disease, owing to the many precautions that were exercised in the place. In a short while a man who had been working in the worst of the nearby plague stricken settlements escaped the vigilance of the authorities and returned over the mountains to the little peaceful valley. Soon he was seized with the dread disease and died; other members of his family were stricken and died. The disease by this time began to spread throughout the valley, and the villagers, panic-stricken, prayed to the Almighty Father and asked relief from the awful calamity which seemed about to fall upon them and wipe them from the earth. They all made a solemn pledge that if the plague was removed from their midst every ten years they would devote a season to go through the story of the sufferings of Christ in memory of His deliverance of the people of the valley from the terrible disease. After this vow, it is said, no more deaths occurred, and the disease soon entirely disappeared. Thus the great Passion Play came into existence and has been presented every ten years since that time.

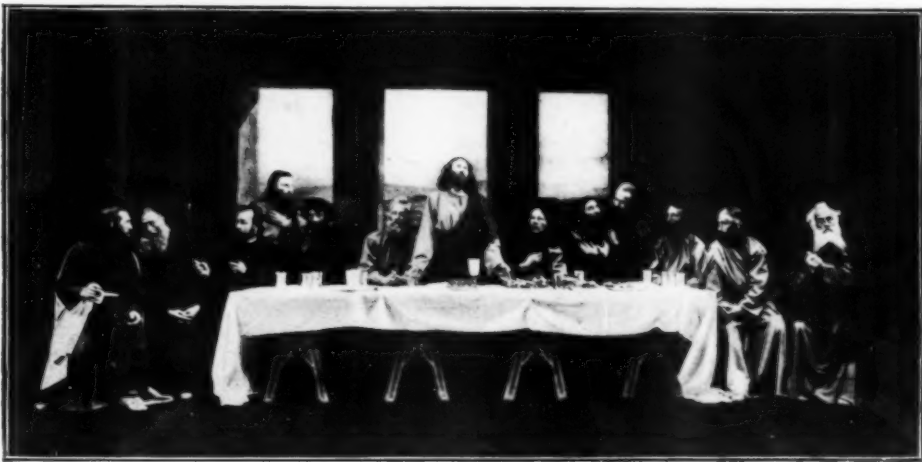
The people of this valley are peaceful Germans, more of the Swiss type, being in Southern Germany. They are an industrious lot, and their chief occupation is

wood carving, at which they are quite skilled. Small farming and dairying is carried on to some extent.

Ober Ammergau is situated about 100 miles to the southward of Munich, and is pleasantly located in a valley between two high mountains.

As I cannot in this article cover as much space as is necessary for a good presentation of this great living lesson, I will only attempt to present to those who

that Archelaus reigned in the stead of his father Herod, he was afraid to go there, and went to Nazareth instead. Christ was soon baptized by John the Baptist at Jordan. After Jesus has been tempted by the devil, hearing that John was in prison he departed unto Galilee and dwelt in Capernaum. Jesus then began to preach: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Beginning with Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, the two fishermen, Jesus



THE PASSOVER. ACT V.

read this story, the best in the fewest words possible.

CHRIST'S SOJOURN ON EARTH.

The story is told in St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John. Taking the story from St. John, Jesus, the lowly Nazarene, was born in Bethlehem in the days of King Herod, from whose wrath he was taken into Egypt. After the death of King Herod, Joseph was told in a dream to take Jesus and go back to the land of Israel. But learning

gathered together His disciples and went about all Galilee preaching in the synagogues, preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing sickness. His fame spread out through all the land. Great multitudes of people followed Him, and He continued preaching and teaching by parables.

When Jesus came to Jerusalem He sent two of His disciples, telling them to go to a nearby village and bring a certain ass that was

tied in a certain street. And they went and returned with the ass upon which Jesus rode into Jerusalem. Great multitudes gathered and spread out their garments in front of Him; some had olive branches and they went before Him into Jerusalem saying: "Hosanna to the son of David; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Jesus went into the Temple and turned out the money changers. He was taken before the Scribes and Pharisees, having been betrayed by Judas. From there He was taken before Pilate. Pilate scourged Him, but would do no more. Finally Christ is crucified, dead and buried and ascendeth from the dead.

The story from the Passion Play covers the life of Christ from His entry into Jerusalem until His arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The chorus of over forty voices first appears across the entire stage, which represents a street in Jerusalem with the Temple in the center and a street on either side, the house of the High Priest Annas on the right and the house of Pilate on the left.

The prologue recites in German a short description of the first tableau and the chorus sings appropriate music. Each tableau and act is preceded in like manner.

The first tableau shows Adam and Eve in the Garden. Adam is in the act of leaving, while Eve is quite disturbed. Both are looking backward at the angel with the

flaming sword who is driving them out of the Garden. The serpent is seen in a tree. The tableau is well presented and the actors seem as wax.

The second tableau shows the adoration of the Cross. This group consists of about fifteen persons. A cross in the center has the attention of all, one is clinging to the cross and another pointing to it, and the rest as cherubs gaze upon it.

After the chorus again sings another descriptive piece they leave the stage and the story of Christ begins.

In the distance down the street to the right of the Temple is heard the Hosannas of the multitude and soon they appear with palm branches, men, women, boys, girls, babes and all, casting their eyes backwards toward the Christ as he slowly advances seated upon an ass led by good John. This procession proceeds until Jesus passes Pilate's house and is in front of the Temple, where He dismounts. The curtain in front of the Temple now raises and Jesus beholds the money changers and the busy priests. In this scene the venders of the pigeons and doves and sheep can be seen, all busy bartering and changing money. Jesus soon sees the busy scene in the Temple and enters: "It is written my house shall be called the house of prayer and ye have made it a den of thieves." When Jesus enters the Temple he turns over the tables of the money

changers, the money jingles upon the floor, the doves and pigeons are liberated and fly out into the open air; the dealers, money changers, priests and all the traders become panic stricken and demand revenge and replacement of their money by the Scribes and Pharisees. The priests remonstrate with Jesus, saying that everything is done for sacrifice. The traders demand: Must there then be no sacrifice? Jesus tells them there is room outside for the sale of sacrifices and seizes a rope lying near and flays them, driving them out of the Temple. Meanwhile the astonished populace having regained their composure shout "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Jesus then enters the inner court of the Temple to pray, followed by his disciples. The people cry aloud: "Praise be to the anointed one, Blessed be the kingdom of David." Nathaniel, a leading man of the Sanhedrin and an orator, shouts to the people asking them to stand by and others shout saying that he, Jesus, is a deceiver. The crowd demand if that was so why do they not arrest Him.

Soon a crowd of tradesmen headed by one merchant Dathan is heard in angry voices coming down the street in front of the house of Annas, the High priest, demanding revenge, demanding payment for money, doves, etc. The traders want to pursue Jesus at once, but Nathaniel says to them that his followers are too great to pursue

Him now and that the matter will be brought before the Council of the Sanhedrin.

The third tableau shows the conspiracy to kill Joseph.

After the tableau the act opens with the scene of the Sanhedrin. The High Priests, the rulers and the elders are gathered late at night in the Council of the Sanhedrin. Caiaphas, one of the High Priests, opens the meeting with an announcement of the doings of Christ in the Temple and introduces Nathaniel, a tall, fine looking man, who represents the traders. Nathaniel makes a statement of the case in behalf of those whom he represents, going over Jesus' progress through the land. The members of the Council all agree that something must be done to stop the teachings of Christ.

The Sanhedrin adjourns after a resolution to arrest Christ and put Him in prison.

Act III. opens with Jesus and His disciples on their way to pay the last visit to Bethany. Peter and John as usual are near to the Master. Judas with unkempt hair is there also. On his way Jesus meets Simon and after Simon, Lazarus, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. He is met also by Martha and Magdalen. The scene changes and they enter Simon's house. Jesus speaking peace unto the household as he enters. While they sit there Mary Magdalen enters with a bottle of oilment and pours it over Jesus' head. Remarks are passed by a

few of the disciples, Judas making a reference to the wastefulness of the ointment when he, being treasurer, needs additional funds. Jesus admonishes him.

As they turn to go, Mary, the mother of Christ, appears with her companions. The act closes with Jesus on his way to Jerusalem.

Act IV. opens with Jesus and His disciples near to Jerusalem. They stop to rest and Jesus beholds the city before him. Jesus sends Peter and John ahead to prepare the place for the Passover and tells them at a certain well they will meet a man drawing water, to follow him to his master's house and tell the master that Jesus wishes to eat the Passover there and that he will show them the banquet hall and will prepare the Passover. They go forward, and the next scene shows them meeting the servant at the well. They follow him and see his master, who is thankful to have the Passover in his house, as Jesus had previously restored his sight.

In the scene before this Judas hangs back from the disciples and is soon left alone in despair, as he knows not whether to follow or leave the leadership of Christ and his disciples. In this troubled state he is approached by the traders and agrees to go before the Council for the purpose of giving information as to the whereabouts of Jesus and betray Him.

The first scene of Act V. shows

the banquet chamber in Mark's house with all preparation made for the Passover. Before eating the Passover Jesus calls for a basin and water and washes the feet of His disciples and then washes His hands. Jesus then resumes his place at the table and takes up the bread and breaks it, giving a bit to each of his disciples. All take it quietly except Judas, who snatches at it like a starved dog for a piece of meat. Then Jesus passes around the cup of wine from one to the other. While this is going on a chorus of angels can be heard singing in the distance. The disciples all make vows of reverence for Jesus, and pledge that they will always be faithful. Then Jesus says that one of the disciples will betray Him and many of them ask, "Is it I?" and Judas asks: "Lord, is it I?" Jesus gives Judas a piece of bread dipped in wine and Judas immediately leaves, the others thinking he has been sent by Jesus on some mission.

Act VI. shows Judas before the Sanhedrin, where he promises for thirty pieces of silver to betray Jesus, and the sign will be a kiss. He leaves the Sanhedrin with four of the tradesmen to seek and point out Jesus and arranges to have the Temple Watch present to take Jesus prisoner. Two members of the Council are opposed to sentencing Jesus without hearing Him in his own defense. These two are Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. These two leave the meet-

ing and will have nothing to do with the work of taking Jesus prisoner.

Act VII. presents the Garden of Gethsemane. The soldiers and those who are to seize Jesus are gathered together in the Mount of Olives. Judas is there with Dathan. Soon Jesus and His disciples enter the garden. While the disciples sit down Jesus leaves them a little distance to pray, taking with him Peter, James and John. Jesus returns to His disciples, saying that the one who would betray Him is coming, and in the distance Judas is beheld at the head of the soldiers. The soldiers seize Jesus and as they do so Peter strikes one and cuts his ear away, which Jesus at once restores. They then march Jesus through the streets to the Council of the Sanhedrin, pushing and urging Him on as a beast.

Act VIII. shows Annas in waiting for the coming of the soldiers with Jesus a prisoner. Judas appears and Annas announces to him that the Galilean must soon die. At this Judas becomes frantic, as he realizes that he has betrayed Jesus to die. He leaves in a fury. Soon the soldiers arrive with Jesus. After some talk between Jesus and Annas he is removed, being cuffed on the ear by one of the soldiers for not paying certain respect to the High Priest. He is then taken before Caiaphas, the other High Priest. After the noisy crowd leaves with Jesus, Peter and John appear before the house of Annas

in quest of some tidings of Jesus. They are soon driven from the place, as it is now late at night.

Act IX. shows Jesus before



THE CHRIST.

As played by Anton Lange.

Caiaphas. Here it is agreed that the Council be assembled for the trial of the prisoner. Jesus is taken before the Council, where, after the reading of several laws

which are said to be violated by Christ and his utterances, he is condemned to die, but the responsibility of his death is thrown upon the law of Moses.

While all this is going on the soldiers are waiting in the house of Caiaphas for the result of the trial. John and Peter had been wandering the streets and John approached the door of Caiaphas' house and is invited in. He informs them that he has a friend with him, and Peter is also invited in. Soon Peter is recognized as the one who cut off the soldier's ear and as a follower of the Galilean. Peter raises his voice and denies Christ, and at the same moment can be heard the crowing of a cock.

Act X. Jesus is brought before the High Priest for the second time by the chief of the soldiers, who commands Jesus to give more respect to the Priest than he did before. Jesus is questioned by the High Priest touching the charges made against him and does not deny nor admit anything, but leaves the Council to judge from what he has said and done. They decide that Jesus must die, but say that Pilate must be informed and must confirm the sentence of the Council. Three of the Council are sent to inform Pilate and ask an audience to get his confirmation of the sentence. As they proceed to the house of Pilate they are elated over the prospects of an early disposition of the Galilean's case. After reaching the house of Pilate

and sending in a message requesting Pilate to meet the Council of the Sanhedrin, they receive reply that Pilate will receive the Council. They return and inform the Council.

Act XI. shows the High Priests, the Scribes and witnesses on their way to Pilate, Jesus being driven by two soldiers, who push and urge Him on, as He has become weary, tired and foot sore and walks very slowly. After their arrival is announced Pilate comes forth and receives the petition of the Council. Pilate cannot be convinced that Jesus has committed any crime worthy of death but takes Jesus into his court to question Him. The Council then insist that Jesus' case has been investigated by them and he is worthy of death, but this to no avail. When Jesus is questioned by Pilate, Pilate is interrupted by a messenger bearing a message from his wife begging him to take no part in the persecution of Jesus.

Pilate expresses the wish that he had had nothing to do with the matter, and after taking Jesus into his court, sends for the Council and returns Jesus to their custody, saying that He is without guilt. The Council then decide to take Jesus before King Herod, ruler of Nazareth, the home of Jesus.

Act XII. Jesus before King Herod. The Council does not succeed in having Herod confirm their sentence of death upon Jesus.

Act XIII. The Council again takes Jesus before Pilate. Pilate,

in order to meet the wishes of the Council, orders that Jesus be scourged. The soldiers take Jesus away to be scourged. As the Council still insist upon more severe punishment, and that with death, Pilate expresses the desire to hear what the people have to say of the matter.

The scourging scene is pathetic, and shows Jesus handcuffed, being mocked, pushed over, crowned

nual feast to release one prisoner of the country, and the people are instructed by the leaders to ask for the release of one Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus. Soon the crowds begin to appear in the streets and march from all parts of the city on toward Pilate's house. The people are thoroughly worked up and excited, and shout that Jesus should be taken to the cross. They soon reach Pilate's house and



THE CRUCIFIXION. ACT XVI.

with a crown of thorns, which crown is forced upon His head until the thorns pierce the flesh. A reed is placed in his hand and the soldiers mockingly pay homage to Jesus as the King of the Jews.

Act XIV. shows Jerusalem in an uproar. The traders have been through all the streets stirring up the people against Jesus. It was the custom at the time of the an-

he appears before the people. Jesus is brought forth tired and weary, the blood trickling from his head and various wounds about his body. Pilate tries to appeal to their sympathies, and asks if the punishment has not been great enough, but the people cry for Barabbas and to the cross with Jesus. After Pilate agrees to let Barabbas go free he asks what shall

be done with Jesus. The crowd shouts to crucify Him. Pilate is finally forced to consent to the crucifixion of Jesus, and gives Him over to the throng to be crucified, but calls for water, and as he speaks washes his hands of the innocent blood, throwing the responsibility on the Council for demanding Jesus' death.

Act XV. is the most pitiful and touching scene of the play. Down the side streets come the soldiers, very slowly, for Jesus is tired, foot-sore, weary and heavy laden, bearing a tremendous cross and bends low with His burden, stopping frequently. The crowd follows close behind. The centurion urges Him on, but only receives the quiet, pitiful look of Christ. In the proces-

sion to the crucifixion are two murderers, also to be crucified. As Jesus soon becomes overcome and cannot proceed with His burden, Simon of Cyrene is seen to approach and the soldiers wish to force him to carry the cross, but he refuses until learning it is the Christ, when he gladly bears the cross for Him. On the way Jesus meets Mary, His mother, and bids her farewell.

Act XVI. is the crucifixion, and shows Jesus on the cross.

The play ends with a tableau of the Ascension.

The play begins at 8 o'clock in the morning and continues until five in the afternoon, with one hour for luncheon. The Christ is played by Anton Lange.



See page 119.

THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

From painting by M. Oppenheim.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

A Christmas Story.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

I.

General Washington did any odd jobs he could find around the Washington market, but his specialty was selling chitlins.

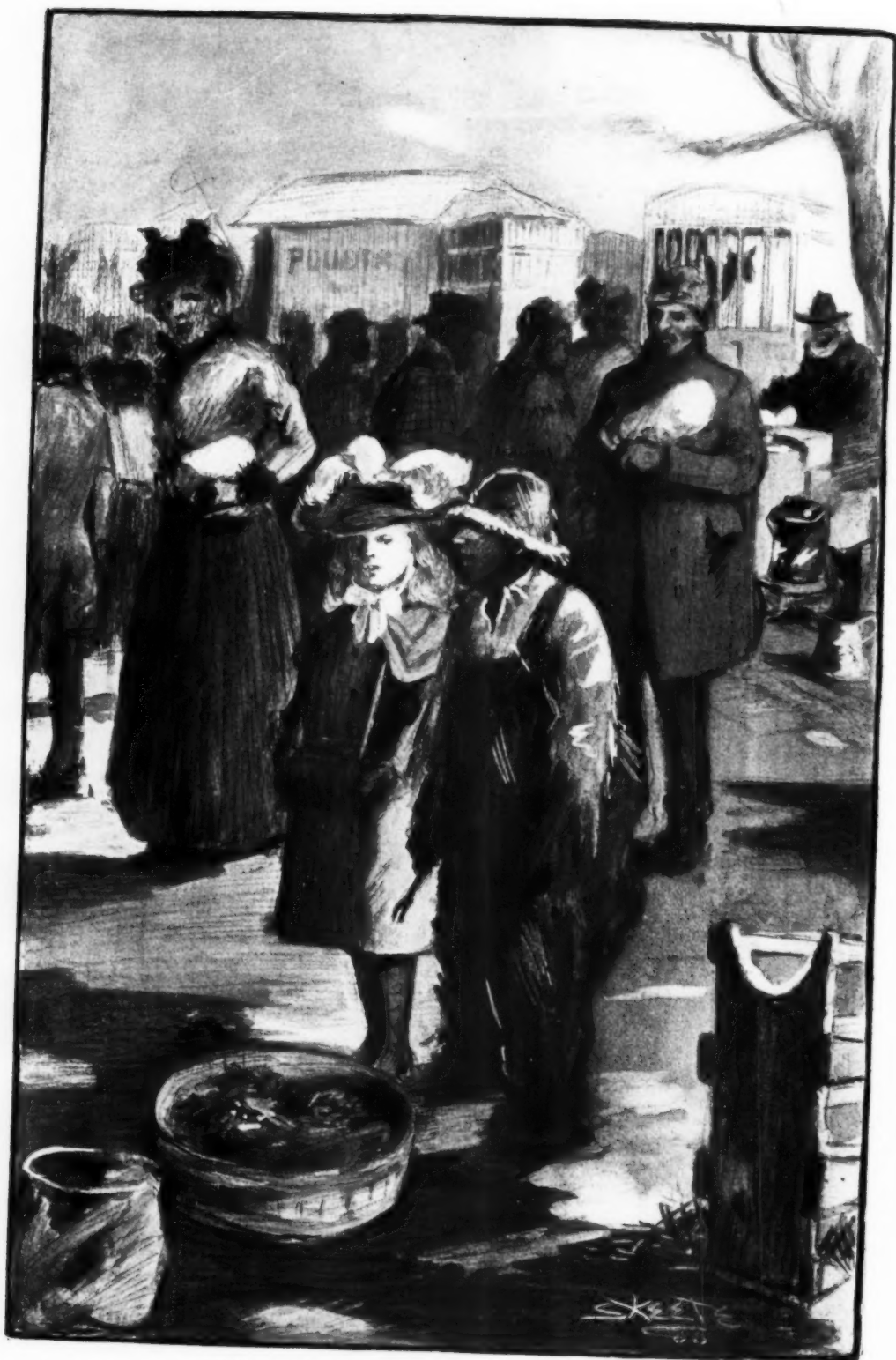
General Washington lived in the very shady atmosphere of Murderer's Bay in the capital city. All that he could remember of father or mother in his ten years of miserable babyhood was that they were frequently absent from the little shanty where they were supposed to live, generally after a protracted spell of drunkenness and bloody quarels when the police were forced to interfere for the peace of the community. During these absences, the child would drift from one squalid home to another wherever a woman—God save the mark!—would take pity upon the poor waif and throw him a few scraps of food for his starved stomach, or a rag of a shawl, apron or skirt, in winter, to wrap about his attenuated little body.

One night the General's daddy being on a short vacation in the city, came home to supper; and because there was no supper to eat, he occupied himself in beating his wife. After that time, when the officers took him, the General's daddy never returned to his home. The General's mammy? Oh, she died!

General Washington's resources developed rapidly after this. Said resources consisted of a pair of nimble feet for dancing the hoe-down, shuffles intricate and dazzling, and the Juba; a strong pair of lungs, a wardrobe limited to a pair of pants originally made for a man, and tied about the ankles with strings, a shirt with one gallows, a vast amount of "brass," and a very, very small amount of nickel. His education was practical: "Ef a corn-dodger costs two cents, an' a fellar hain't got de two cents, how's he gwine ter git de corn-dodger?"

General Washington ranked first among the knights of the pavement. He could shout louder and hit harder than any among them; that was the reason they called him "Buster" and "the General." The General could swear, too; I am sorry to admit it, but the truth must be told.

He uttered an oath when he caught a crowd of small white aristocrats tormenting a kitten. The General landed among them in quick time and commenced knocking heads at a lively rate. Presently he was master of the situation, and marched away triumphantly with the kitten in his arms, followed by stones and other missiles which whirled about him through space from behind the safe shelter of back yards and street corners.



THE FAIRY STOOD BESIDE HIM. See page 99.

The General took the kitten home. Home was a dry-goods box turned on end and filled with straw for winter. The General was as happy as a lord in summer, but the winter was a trial. The last winter had been a hard one, and Buster called a meeting of the leading members of the gang to consider the advisability of moving farther south for the hard weather.

"Pears lak to me, fellers, Wash'nton's heap colder'n it uster be, an' I'se mighty onscruplus 'bout stoppin' hyar."

"Bisness am mighty peart," said Teenie, the smallest member of the gang, "s'pose we put off menderin' tell after Chris'mas; Jeemes Henry, fellers, it hain't no Chris'mas fer me outside ob Wash'nton."

"Dat's so, Teenie," came from various members as they sat on the curbing playing an interesting game of craps.

"Den hyar we is tell after Chris'mas, fellers; then dis sonny's gwine ter move, sho, hyar me?"

"De gang's wid yer, Buster; move it is."

It was about a week before Chris'mas, and the weather had been unusually severe.

Probably because misery loves company—nothing could be more miserable than his cat—Buster grew very fond of Tommy. He would cuddle him in his arms every night and listen to his soft purring while he confided all his own hopes and fears to the willing ears of his four-footed companion, occasion-

ally poking his ribs if he showed any signs of sleepiness.

But one night poor Tommy froze to death. Buster didn't—more's the wonder—only his ears and his two big toes. Poor Tommy was thrown off the dock into the Potomac the next morning, while a stream of salt water trickled down his master's dirty face, making visible, for the first time in a year, the yellow hue of his complexion. After that the General hated all flesh and grew morose and cynical.

Just about a week before Tommy's death, Buster met the fairy. Once, before his mammy died, in a spasm of reform she had forced him to go to school, against his better judgment, promising the teacher to go up and "wallop" the General every day if he thought Buster needed it. This gracious offer was declined with thanks. At the end of the week the General left school for his own good and the good of the school. But in that week he learned something about fairies; and so, after she threw him the pinks that she carried in her hand, he called her to himself "the fairy."

Being Christmas week, the General was pretty busy. It was a great sight to see the crowds of people coming and going all day long about the busy market; wagon loads of men, women and children, some carts drawn by horses, but more by mules. Some of the people well-dressed, some scantily clad, but all intent on getting en-

joyment out of this their leisure season. This was the season for selling crops and settling the year's account. The store-keepers, too, had prepared their most tempting wares, and the thoroughfares were crowded.

"I 'clare to de Lord, I'se done busted my ol' man, shure," said one woman to another as they paused to exchange greetings outside a store door.

"N'em min'," returned the other, "he'll wurk fer mo.' Dis is Chris'-mas, honey."

"To be sure," answered the first speaker, with a flounce of her ample skirts.

Meanwhile her husband pondered the advisability of purchasing a mule, feeling in his pockets for the price demanded, but finding them nearly empty. The money had been spent on the annual festival.

"Ole mule, I want yer mighty bad, but you'll have to slide dis time; it's Chris'mas, mule."

The wise old mule actually seemed to laugh as he whisked his tail against his bony sides and steadied himself on his three sound legs.

The venders were very busy, and their cries were wonderful for ingenuity of invention to attract trade:

"Hellow, dar, in de cellar, I'se got fresh aggs fer de 'casion; now's yer time fer agg-nogg wid new aggs in it."

There were the stalls, too, kept by venerable aunties and filled with

specimens of old-time southern cheer: Coon, corn-pone, possum fat and hominy; there was piles of gingerbread and boiled chestnuts, heaps of walnuts and roasting apples. There were great barrels of cider, not to speak of something stronger. There were terrapin and the persimmon and the chinquapin in close proximity to the succulent viands—chine and spare-rib, sausage and crackling, savory souvenirs of the fine art of hog-killing. And everywhere were faces of dusky hue; Washington's great negro population bubbled over in every direction.

The General was peddling chitlins. He had a tub upon his head and was singing in his strong childish tones:

"Here's yer chitlins, fresh an' sweet,

Young hog's chitlins hard to beat,
Methodis chitlins, jes' been biled,
Right fresh chitlins, dey aint spiled,

Baptis' chitlins by de pound,
As nice chitlins as ever was foun,,"

"Hyar, boy, duz yer mean ter say dey is real Baptis' chitlins, sho nuff?"

"Yas, mum."

"How duz you make dat out?"

"De hog raised by Mr. Robber-son, a hard-shell Baptis', mum."

"Well, lem-me have two poun's."

"Now," said a solid-looking man as General finished waiting on a crowd of women and men, "I want some o' de Methodess chitlins you's bin hollerin' 'bout."

"Hyar dey is, ser."

"Take 'em all out o' same tub?"

"Yas, ser. Only dair leetle mo' water on de Baptis' chitlins, an' dey's whiter."

"How you tell 'em?"

"Well, ser, two hog's chitlins in dis tub an one ob de hogs raised by Unc. Bemis, an' he's a Methodes, ef dat don't make him a Methodes hog nuthin' will."

"Weigh me out four pounds, ser."

In an hour's time the General had sold out. Suddenly at his elbow he heard a voice:

"Boy, I want to talk to you."

The fairy stood beside him. She was a little girl about his own age, well wrapped in costly velvet and furs; her long, fair hair fell about her like an aureole of glory; a pair of gentle blue eyes set in a sweet, serious face glanced at him from beneath a jaunty hat with a long curling white feather that rested light as thistle-down upon the beautiful curly locks. The General could not move for gazing, and as his wonderment grew his mouth was extended in a grin that revealed the pearly whiteness of two rows of ivory.

"Boy, shake hands."

The General did not move; how could he?

"Don't you hear me?" asked the fairy, imperiously:

"Yas'm," replied the General meekly. "Deed, missy, I'se 'tirely too dirty to tech dem clos o' yourn."

Nevertheless he put forth timidly and slowly a small paw begrimed

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with the dirt of the street. He looked at the hand and then at her; she looked at the hand and then at him. Then their eyes meeting, they laughed the sweet laugh of the free-masonry of childhood.

"I'll excuse you this time, boy," said the fairy, graciously, "but you must remember that I wish you to wash your face and hands when you are to talk with me; and," she added, as though inspired by an afterthought, "it would be well for you to keep them clean at other times, too."

"Yas'm," replied the General.

"What's your name, boy?"

"Gen'r'l Wash'nton," answered Buster, standing at attention as he had seen the police do in the courtroom.

"Well, General, don't you know you've told a story about the chitlins you've just sold?"

"Tol' er story?" queried the General with a knowing look. "Course I got to sell my chitlins ahead ob de oder fellars, or lose my trade."

"Don't you know it's wicked to tell stories?"

"How come so?" asked the General, twisting his bare toes about in his rubbers, and feeling very uncomfortable.

"Because, God says we musn't."

"Who's he?"

The fairy gasped in astonishment. "Don't you know who God is?"

"No'pe; never seed him. Do he live in Wash'nton?"

"Why, God is your Heavenly

Father, and Christ was His son. He was born on Christmas Day a long time ago. When He grew a man, wicked men nailed Him to the cross and killed Him. Then He went to heaven, and we'll all live with Him some day if we are good before we die. O I love Him; and you must love Him, too, General."

"Now look hyar, missy, you kayn't make this chile b'lieve nufin lak dat."

The fairy went a step nearer the boy in her eagerness:

"It's true; just as true as you live."

"Whar'd you say He lived?"

"In heaven," replied the child, softly.

"What kin' o' place is heaven?"

"Oh, beautiful!"

The General stared at the fairy. He worked his toes faster and faster.

"Say, kin yer hab plenty to eat up dar?"

"O, yes; you'll never be hungry there."

"An' a fire, an' clos?" he queried in suppressed, excited tones.

"Yes; it's all love and plenty when we get to heaven, if we are good here."

"Well, missy, dat's a pow'ful good story, but I'm blamed ef I b'lieve it." The General forgot his politeness in his excitement.

"An' ef it's true, tain't only fer white fo'ks; you won't fin' nary nigger dar."

"But you will; and all I've told

you is true. Promise me to come to my house on Christmas morning and see my mother. She'll help you, and she will teach you more about God. Will you come?" she asked eagerly, naming a street and number in the most aristocratic quarter of Washington. "Ask for Fairy, that's me. Say quick; here is my nurse."

The General promised.

"Law, Miss Fairy, honey; come right hyar. I'll tell yer mawmaw how you's done run 'way from me to talk to dis dirty little monkey. Pickin' up sech trash fer ter talk to."

The General stood in a trance of happiness. He did not mind the slurring remarks of the nurse, and refrained from throwing a brick at the buxom lady, which was a sacrifice on his part. All he saw was the glint of golden curls in the winter shunshine, and the tiny hand waving him good-bye.

"An' her name is Fairy! Jes' ter think how I hit it all by my lonesome."

Many times that week the General thought and puzzled over Fairy's words. Then he would sigh:

"Heaven's where God lives. Plenty to eat, warm fire all de time in winter; plenty o' clos', too, but I'se got to be good. 'Spose dat means keepin' my face an' han's clean an' stop swearin' an' lyin'. It kayn't be did."

The gang wondered what had come over Buster.

II.

The day before Christmas dawned clear and cold. There was snow on the ground. Trade was good, and the General, mindful of the visit next day, had bought a pair of second-hand shoes and a new calico shirt.

"Git onter de dude!" sang one of the gang as he emerged from the privacy of the dry-goods box early Christmas Eve.

The General was a dancer and no mistake. Down at Dutch Dan's place they kept the old-time Southern Christmas moving along in hot time until the dawn of Christmas Day stole softly through the murky atmosphere. Dutch Dan's was the meeting place of the worst characters, white and black, in the capital city. From that vile den issued the twin spirits murder and rapine as the early winter shadows fell; there the criminal entered in the early dawn and was lost to the accusing eye of justice. There was a dance at Dutch Dan's Christmas Eve, and the General was sent for to help amuse the company.

The shed-like room was lighted by oil lamps and flaring pine torches. The center of the apartment was reserved for dancing. At one end the inevitable bar stretched its yawning mouth like a monster awaiting his victims. A long wooden table was built against one side of the room, where the game could be played to suit the taste of the most expert devotee of the fickle goddess.

The room was well filled, early as it was, and the General's entrance was the signal for a shout of welcome. Old Unc' Jasper was tuning his fiddle and blind Remus was drawing sweet chords from an old banjo. They glided softly into the music of the Mobile shuffle. The General began to dance. He was master of the accomplishment. The pigeon-wing, the old buck, the hoe-down and the Juba followed each other in rapid succession. The crowd shouted and cheered and joined in the sport. There was hand-clapping and a rhythmic accompaniment of patting the knees and stamping the feet. The General danced faster and faster:

"Juba up and juba down,
Juba all aroun' de town;
Can't you hyar de juba pat?

Juba!"

sang the crowd. The General gave fresh graces and new embellishments. Occasionally he added to the interest by yelling, "Ain't dis fin'e!" "Oh, my!" "Now I'm gittin' loose!" "Hol' me, hol' me!"

The crowd went wild with delight.

The child danced until he fell exhausted to the floor. Someone in the crowd "passed the hat." When all had been waited upon the bar-keeper counted up the receipts and divided fair—half to the house and half to the dancer. The fun went on, and the room grew more crowded. General Wash'n-ton crept under the table and curled himself up like a ball. He was

lucky, he told himself sleepily, to have so warm a berth that cold night; and then his heart glowed as he thought of the morrow and Fairy, and wondered if what she had said were true. Heaven must be a fine place if it could beat the floor under the table for comfort and warmth. He slept. The fiddle creaked, the dancers shuffled. Rum went down their throats and wits were befogged. Suddenly the General was wide awake with a start. What was that?

"The family are all away to-night at a dance, and the servants gone home. There's no one there but an old man and a kid. We can be well out of the way before the alarm is given. 'Leven sharp, Doc. And, look here, what's the number agin?"

Buster knew in a moment that mischief was brewing, and he turned over softly on his side, listening mechanically to catch the reply. It came. Buster sat up. He was wide awake then. They had given the street and number where Fairy's home was situated.

III.

Senator Tallman was from Maryland. He had owned slaves, fought in the Civil War on the Confederate side, and at its end had been returned to a seat in Congress after reconstruction, with feelings of deeply rooted hatred for the Negro. He openly declared his purpose to oppose their progress in every possible way. His favorite argument was disbelief in

God's handiwork as shown in the Negro.

"You argue, suh, that God made 'em. I have my doubts, suh. God made man in His own image, suh, and that being the case, suh, it is clear that he had no hand in creating niggers. A nigger, suh, is the image of nothing but the devil." He also declared in his imperious, haughty, Southern way: "The South is in the saddle, suh, and she will never submit to the degradation of Negro domination; never, suh."

The Senator was a picture of honored age and solid comfort seated in his velvet armchair before the fire of blazing logs in his warm, well-lighted study. His lounging coat was thrown open, revealing its soft silken lining, his feet were thrust into gayly embroidered fur-lined slippers. Upon the baize covered table beside him a silver salver sat holding a decanter, glasses and fragrant mint, for the Senator loved the beguiling sweetness of a mint julep at bedtime. He was writing a speech which in his opinion would bury the blacks too deep for resurrection and settle the Negro question forever. Just now he was idle; the evening paper was folded across his knees; a smile was on his face. He was alone in the grand mansion, for the festivities of the season had begun and the family were gone to enjoy a merry-making at the house of a friend. There was a picture in his mind of Christmas

in his old Maryland home in the good old days "befo' de wah," the great ball-room where giggling girls and matrons fair glided in the stately minuet. It was in such a gathering he had met his wife, the beautiful Kate Channing. Ah, the happy time of youth and love! The house was very still; how loud the ticking of the clock sounded. Just then a voice spoke beside his chair:

"Please, sah, I'se Gen'r'l Wash'n-ton."

The Senator bounded to his feet with an exclamation:

"Eh! Bless my soul, suh; where did you come from?"

"Ef yer please, boss, froo de winder."

The Senator rubbed his eyes and stared hard at the extraordinary figure before him. The Gen'r'l closed the window and then walked up to the fire, warmed himself in front, then turned around and stood with his legs wide apart and his shrewd little gray eyes fixed upon the man before him.

The Senator was speechless for a moment; then he advanced upon the intruder with a roar warranted to make a six-foot man quake in his boots:

"Through the window, you black rascal! Well, I reckon you'll go out through the door, and that in quick time, you little thief."

"Please, boss, it hain't me; it's Jim the crook and de gang from Dutch Dan's."

"Eh!" said the Senator again.

"What's yer cronumter say now,

boss? 'Leven is de time fer de perfahmance ter begin. I reckon'd I'd git hyar time nuff fer yer ter call de perlice."

"Boy, do you mean for me to understand that burglars are about to raid my house?" demanded the Senator, a light beginning to dawn upon him.

The General nodded his head: "Dat's it, boss, ef by 'buglers' you means Jim de crook and Dutch Dan."

It was ten minutes of the hour by the Senator's watch. He went to the telephone, rang up the captain of the nearest station, and told him the situation. He took a revolver from a drawer of his desk and advanced toward the waiting figure before the fire.

"Come with me. Keep right straight ahead through that door; if you attempt to run I'll shoot you."

They walked through the silent house to the great entrance doors and there awaited the coming of the police. Silently the officers surrounded the house. Silently they crept up the stairs into the now darkened study. "Eleven" chimed the little silver clock on the mantel. There was the stealthy tread of feet a moment after, whispers, the flash of a dark lantern,—a rush by the officers and a stream of electricity flooded the room.

"It's the nigger did it!" shouted Jim the crook, followed instantly by the sharp crack of a revolver. General Washington felt a burning pain shoot through his breast as

he fell unconscious to the floor. It was all over in a moment. The officers congratulated themselves on the capture they had made—a brace of daring criminals badly wanted by the courts.

When the General regained consciousness, he lay upon a soft, white bed in Senator Tallman's house. Christmas morning had dawned, clear, cold and sparkling; upon the air the joy-bells sounded sweet and strong: "Rejoice, your Lord is born." Faintly from the streets came the sound of merry voices: "Chris'mas gift, Chris'mas gift."

The child's eyes wandered aimlessly about the unfamiliar room as if seeking and questioning. They passed the Senator and Fairy, who sat beside him and rested on a copy of Titian's matchless Christ which hung over the mantel. A glorious stream of yellow sunshine fell upon the thorn-crowned Christ.

"God of Nazareth, see!
Before a trembling soul
Unfoldeth like a scroll
Thy wondrous destiny!"

The General struggled to a sitting position with arms outstretched, then fell back with a joyous, awesome cry:

"It's Him! It's Him!"

"O General," sobbed Fairy, "don't you die, you're going to be happy all the rest of your life. Grandpa says so."

"I was in time, little Missy; I tried mighty hard after I knowed whar' dem debbils was a-comin' to."

Fairy sobbed; the Senator wiped his eyeglasses and coughed. The General lay quite still a moment, then turned himself again on his pillow to gaze at the pictured Christ.

'I'm a-gittin' sleepy, missy, it's so warm an' comfortable here. 'Pears lak I feel right happy sence Ise seed Him." The morning light grew brighter. The face of the Messiah looked down as it must have looked when He was transfigured on Tabor's heights. The ugly face of the child wore a strange, sweet beauty. The Senator bent over the quiet figure with a gesture of surprise.

The General had obeyed the call of One whom the winds and waves of stormy human life obey. Buster's Christmas Day was spent in heaven.

For some reason, Senator Tallman never made his great speech against the Negro.



THE NEGRO'S WORTH.

ALONZO MILTON SKRINK.

Who casts a slur on Negro worth,— a stain on Negro fame?
Who dreads to own his Negro blood, or bear his Negro name?
Who scorns the warmth of Negro hearts,— the clasp of Negro hands?
If he but shows his traitor's face, we'll crush him where he stands.

The Negro's blood! Its crimson tide has watered hill and plain
Wherever there were wrongs to crush, or freemen's rights to gain.
No dastard thought, no cowardly fear has held it tamely by
When there were noble deeds to do — a noble death to die.

The Negro's heart! The Negro's heart! God keep long pure and free
The fullness of its kindly thought; its wealth of honest glee;
Its generous strength; its ardent faith; its uncomplaining trust;
Though every worshipped idol break and crumble into dust.

The Negro's hands! Ah, lift them up; made rough by honest toil.
The champion of the Civil War and of the Cuban soil:
Their battle swords they flash aloft, though death in front they see;
The Negro's hands did valiant deeds to set brave Cuba free.

They bore the old flag bravely, and were there at Lincoln's call.
They stood beside the foremost rank, with the bravest of them all.
And when before the enemy's guns they held the Gray at bay —
O never could the Afric heart beat prouder than that day.

So if some proud Caucasian cavils at the darkness of your race,
Or speaks in scorn of Africa before her children's face,
Then lay aside the flag of truce, and denounce him where he stands:
For Negro's worth and Negro's fame were won by Negro's hands.

THE STRESS OF IMPULSE.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XIV.

ROGER DOLLOFF, a detective, while journeying to San Francisco to investigate the robbery of the Third National Bank, meets with serious injury in the wreck of the Overland Limited, and is nursed back to health by Marie Chartier, a passenger on the same train. He falls in love with, and marries her, and they resume the interrupted journey. The cashier, who has robbed the bank, fears betrayal by his accomplice and secretly and in disguise embarks on a sailing vessel bound for Panama. While Dolloff is conferring with the president of the bank, Marie is confronted by a man at their hotel, and faints from the shock of recognition. It is James Fairfax, her husband, whom she had believed dead when she married Dolloff. He is a gambler and worse, and importunes her to cast in her lot with him again, a proposition which she scorns. Dolloff, entering the hotel as Fairfax leaves it, recognizes the latter, and having his suspicions aroused by this chance meeting with one whom he knows to be a rogue, soon establishes the fact that he had a hand in the bank robbery. Dolloff goes to South America in pursuit of the fleeing cashier, and stumbles upon his camping-place in the forest. In Dolloff's absence Marie is abducted by Fairfax. Dolloff captures the cashier, and on his return learns of Marie's disappearance, and that she is the wife of Fairfax. He follows them to Georgia and locates them in the company of a band of moonshiners, whose apprehension he brings about, only to find that Fairfax and Marie have disappeared. Shortly after his return to New York, Mrs. Godfrey Morgan, a wealthy woman, is robbed of \$50,000 worth of diamonds, and Dolloff is engaged to recover them. He goes to Liverpool, and after three weeks of waiting receives a cablegram saying that Fairfax is believed to have sailed with the jewels in his possession. He gets on the track of Fairfax in London, learns that the latter has gone to Amsterdam, and follows him there.

CHAPTER XV.

To the quaint old city on the Zuyder Zee there went Dolloff, believing that at last he was drawing the toils about Fairfax beyond the possibility of escape.

Being himself an excellent sailor, had his mind not been engrossed with weightier matters, he would have found food for much quiet amusement in contem-

plating the varying degrees of misery to which many of his fellow passengers were reduced during the voyage across the channel. That capricious stretch of water, on the occasion of his crossing, amply sustained its well-established reputation for producing acute discomfort, and stowed away in every available corner of the packet boat were disconsolate passengers in various stages of *mal de mer*.

The usual bridal couple were there, paying tribute for the time being to Neptune instead of Hymen; the always in evidence British matron with her rugs, her shawls and weobegone expression; the French maid, all her coquetish airs for the nonce forgotten, huddled in a disconsolate heap on a steamer chair by the rail, with a greenish pallor showing through the rouge; the seasoned traveller, with cigar alight, stalking in lonely state along the deck; and the boat's attendants doing their puny best toward alleviating the universal misery.

Dolloff, oblivious to his surroundings, took counsel of his cigar and chafed futilely at the slowness of the passage.

Arrived at Calais, a general scramble for terra firma ensued, and an hour later he found himself the sole occupant of a first-

class compartment of a train speeding toward Amsterdam.

It was late at night when he reached that city, and choosing the hotel nearest at hand retired to rest but not to sleep, save for a brief fitful slumber in the early morning hours.

Thoughts of Marie came to haunt his pillow, and abandoning the futile wooing of the drowsy god he went over in detail every circumstance of their romantic meeting, her faithful nursing when the railroad wreck had thrown him a helpless charge upon her care, his brief wooing, the unconventional wedding in the hotel parlor, and the few short weeks of happiness that followed.

Despite the apparent evidence to the contrary he could not convince himself that Marie had been guilty of intentional wrongdoing. Indeed, he did not try, but sought rather to evolve a reasonable explanation of her conduct. But the more he thought, the deeper he became involved in the maze of useless conjecture, and at last, banishing the subject from his mind with a determined effort, he fell asleep.

Hardly had the slow-moving wheels of business begun to revolve in the morning when Doll-off presented himself at the private office of the leading diamond merchant of the city, and laying his credentials before that deliberately cautious person, he stated the object of his quest.

"The stones have not been

brought to me," said the diamond merchant, when he had compared the list of missing gems with the entries in a leather-covered book that he produced from the massive safe. "And," he continued, "it is not likely that they will be. Stolen jewels are usually taken to the smaller dealers to be quietly disposed of, or else to some obscure workman to be recut. In this case, as many of the stones are comparatively small, it is probable that they have been sold in separate parcels outright to some of the smaller dealers, or put in the hands of a diamond broker for negotiation. This list," and he handed his visitor a printed slip, "contains the name of every registered dealer and broker in Amsterdam, and these that I have checked in pencil are the ones that I would advise you to call on first. Leave your address with me, and if I learn anything of the stones I will notify you at once." A few minutes more of conversation, and Dolloff bowed himself from the diamond merchant's presence to continue his search.

At the second and third places at which he called the stones had not been seen. The fourth place on his list proved to be the shop of an independent cutter on an obscure street to which he found his way with some little difficulty. As he opened the door to enter, a man, apparently a Frenchman of the middle class, walking briskly toward the shop from the opposite direction, stopped suddenly, swore

vigorously under his breath in very good English, and when Dolloff had entered the shop and stood waiting at the tiny counter, advanced to the window, cast one quick glance within and hurried quickly away, looking back nervously over his shoulder before turning the first corner.

Here Dolloff experienced some trouble in making his errand known. The stolid-faced Teuton laid aside his magnifying glass, straightened slowly up from the work in which he was engaged, and replied to his visitor's greeting in a series of gutturals that bore no meaning to Dolloff's ear.

After gazing helplessly at each other for a moment, the Dutchman, apparently seized by an inspiration, smiled broadly, turned toward an open door at the rear of the shop and lifted up his voice in a call of "Gretchen!"

A clatter of tinware in the rear room ceased, and a moment later a red-cheeked girl appeared, with two long braids of yellow hair hanging down her back, and wiping her wet hands upon an immense gingham apron that enveloped her in its capacious folds. The diamond cutter beamed broadly upon Dolloff and waved his hand toward the girl as though transferring to her the burden of the business in hand. To her, then, Dolloff turned his attention and made known his errand. The girl's familiarity with English evidently left much to the imagination, but with the

assistance of sundry smiles and nods and explanatory motions Dolloff at last made his meaning clear, the diamond-cutter meanwhile gazing proudly upon his offspring, as though he considered her a prodigy of learning.

Father and daughter then consulted briefly together, and the latter, turning to Dolloff, announced, "Mine Fader, he may haf seen dose jewels, and he may haf not. If you was bring mit you an officer he will show you what he haf," and Dolloff, forced to be content with this, departed in search of an interpreter and a representative of the law. Thus reinforced, an hour later he returned to the little shop, and the diamond-cutter, bringing forth a little leather bag from the stout safe behind his bench, spread its contents upon the counter.

A hasty inspection showed that the stolen gems were found.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the months that had passed since her abduction by Fairfax, life for Marie had seemed one long nightmare. When she had regained consciousness and found herself lying upon a couch in a strange room with Fairfax bending over her she would have welcomed death with resignation. When at last she rose weakly to a sitting position he dropped into a nearby chair and regarded her for a time in silence. "You see," he said finally, "that I keep my word."

She regarded him with half-

dazed eyes and did not answer. The effects of the chloroform had left her weak and dizzy, and a terrible weight seemed to be pressing upon her brain. "You are in my power, now," continued Fairfax, "and I shall take very good care that you do not escape me. If you will be sensible you shall have nothing to complain of. If you try any game on me—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Now, I have a proposition to make to you," he continued. "I am interested in a little matter that requires the presence of a woman. Not to take any active part in the affair, but to act as hostess at a few little dinners that I shall tender to a certain party. The woman must be supposed to be my wife, and must not only be good looking, but irreproachable in manner. Not every woman could assume the part to suit my requirements. I pay you the compliment of saying that none could assume it as well as yourself," and he bowed ironically. "You have, you will remember, played the same role before." She writhed under the taunt and gazed at him with hate and fear flaming in her eyes.

"The proposition that I have to make," he went on, "is this: for the next three months you will, to outward seeming, appear as my wife, and lend your presence on such occasions as I require. I will ask nothing further from you, and at the expiration of that time you may go your way if you so

desire. Wait a moment," he raised a warning hand as Marie was about to scornfully reject his proposition. "You are now completely in my power. That door is locked and the key is in my pocket. The occupants of this house are my friends. You might shriek yourself dumb, and no one would come to your assistance. If your presence was not necessary to my plans I would not offer you these terms. If you do not accept them you will have yourself to thank for what follows. You are legally my wife, and you have been guilty of bigamy in marrying that detective—curse him! If you are sensible you will do what I ask of you. Which is it to be—yes, or no?"

Marie cast one despairing glance about the room. "I accept," she said at last, "but if you do not carry out your agreement I will kill myself—or you."

Fairfax arose with a satisfied look on his evil face, unlocked the door and passed out, saying before he closed it: "Make yourself at home. We will stay here to-night, and leave the city in the morning. I'll have your breakfast sent to you at eight o'clock, and you must be ready to leave at nine."

When the door closed behind him, Marie sprang to it, turned the key, and throwing herself upon the couch, burst into a passion of despairing tears.

Four days later, accompanied by Fairfax, she found herself in New York, installed in outwardly respectable state in a furnished flat

temporarily secured as a setting for Fairfax's latest scheme of villainy. What this scheme was, she did not know. Another man, evidently an accomplice, came often to the flat and was closeted with Fairfax sometimes for hours. In her new surroundings Marie moved about in a half-dazed manner. Some mysterious power seemed to have darkened her faculties, and on the occasions when Fairfax required her to preside as hostess—with but a single guest, a well-dressed young man who grew boisterously talkative over the wine and appeared to look upon Fairfax as a guide, philosopher and friend—she sat at the head of the table in stately silence, dallying with her food and paying but slight attention to the conversation. She knew that some plot of rascality was being worked out before her eyes, but the details and the ultimate object in view escaped her. Sometimes she experienced a vague pity for the young man, who had been introduced to her as a nephew of the wealthy Mrs. Godfrey Morgan. At other times, when he was plainly under the influence of the wine that Fairfax poured for him with lavish hand, her pity turned to disgust. But mostly she went about like a silent ghost, dreaming of Dolloff and trying to picture to herself what he would do when he returned to San Francisco and found that she had disappeared.

She knew that her slightest act was watched, that nothing she did

escaped the eye of Fairfax or the servant who was evidently his tool. Writing materials were kept carefully beyond her reach, and when by subterfuge she succeeded in securing some and wrote a long, impassioned letter to Dolloff, she was at a loss regarding how to send it. Finally, thinking herself unobserved, she bribed a boy to drop it in the nearest box, only to find the letter lying unopened beside her plate at the next meal time.

Then came the sudden trip to Georgia and the return to the flat in New York after a brief stay.

When the three months of her semi-captivity were ended, Fairfax had come to her and said, "You are at liberty to go now if you want to, but if you will stick to me, I swear I'll be good to you. Come, Marie, don't be a fool. You know you can't go back to Dolloff now; why not stay with me?"

She looked up at him with slumberous hatred, too spiritless to do more than answer, "I shall try to get so far from you that you'll never find me again."

Fairfax looked at her a moment in silence, shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "As you like," said he with apparent carelessness, and Marie had gone forth to take up her life anew.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the necessary legal formalities had been complied with, Dolloff found himself in possession of the jewels, and having deposited them for the time being

in a safe place, cabled the news of their recovery to headquarters; and this much being accomplished, set himself to hunt down the thief.

But, though he could not know it, the man he sought was already practically safe beyond pursuit. It was Fairfax himself who had chanced to observe Dolloff entering the diamond-cutter's shop, and recognizing the detective at once, had had a brief mental vision of grim stone walls looming up before him. Under the stress of the moral cowardice that at times affects the most hardened rogue, he had instantly taken flight, not caring for the time being whither his path lay, so long as he could put a reassuring distance between himself and his pursuer. Hence it was that the close watch kept upon the diamond-cutter's shop, and the surveillance of every avenue of escape from the city while a careful search for the thief was being made, were alike without results.

Dolloff had reluctantly acknowledged to himself that Fairfax had again escaped when the answer to his cablegram arrived. It was brief, and the instructions it conveyed did not accord with the impulse that actuated its recipient.

"Return with stones at once." So it ran, and though at the outset he had been instructed that the recovery of the jewels was the chief point to be considered, he had hoped to apprehend Fairfax as well. But the order was imperative and must be obeyed. So it was with an ill grace that he re-

linquished the search and started on the return journey.

At Liverpool he found that he must wait two days for the sailing of the steamer, and after having booked his passage passed the intervening time in roaming about the city.

Had he known what effect his presence in the booking office produced upon a certain old gentleman with whom he almost touched elbows, he would have been somewhat startled, and more than a little elated. Had he only known it, the man he sought stood by his side for one short second, then slipped quietly away and was lost in the crowd.

Fairfax, for a brief period of his existence, had aspired to histrionic honors, and had he chosen to continue in the path of rectitude might have risen in time to an eminent place in the profession. As it was, he often applied the experience so gained to great advantage to himself. When it seemed expedient for a time to sink his own individuality he could assume any one of a half dozen characters and play the part with a thoroughness that left slight chance of discovery.

So it was that the smooth-faced, white-haired old gentleman dressed in rusty black, and wearing a pair of green goggles, the very personification of a German music teacher, attracted the merest passing glance from Dolloff when they came almost face to face in the booking office.

The old gentleman was booked

for the second cabin, and despite his sudden perturbation at Dolloff's advent, heard with a quick sense of relief, the latter's request for a first-class ticket.

Neither had prefigured the turn of the wheel of chance that should bring them for 6 days within the narrow limits of an ocean steamer. Fairfax, when the first shock of the chance encounter had passed, retired to a nearby coffee house, ordered a pipe and a mug of ale, and with these comforting companions deliberated as to what course he should pursue. The advantage, for the present, was clearly on his side. Forewarned in this case was certainly forearmed. He could of course have his ticket changed for the next sailing, but the more he thought, the more he became impressed with the conviction that it might be a measure of safety to return on the same vessel with the detective, providing he could escape detection during the voyage. Of his ability to do this he felt confident, especially as Dolloff was to go first-class, while he was booked for the second cabin. It was not likely that his presence on the same vessel would be suspected, and

there was little chance of their meeting during the voyage. Even then, he felt secure in his disguise, and once past the terrors of the landing stage he would be in comparative safety.

He knew that there could be no question of getting the gems again into his possession. Dolloff would not be such a fool as to leave any loophole for their disappearance, and if he did the game was too dangerous to play in such close quarters. But—and Fairfax's eyes narrowed to the merest points of vengeful light behind the green goggles—first-class passengers sometimes took a fancy to stray within the limits assigned to their less fortunate brothers, and people had been known to fall overboard on dark nights—with the assistance of a helping hand at the proper moment.

For a long time Fairfax stared intently into the depths of the empty mug before him. What the picture was that unfolded itself before his mental vision, no one may know, but he rose at last with the determined air of one who has found the solution of a difficult problem.

(To be concluded in the January issue.)



FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

II. Noah and the Flood.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

In the last century of the life of Noah, it is told that he dwelt in Central Asia, not far from the very heart of that storied vale of Cachemire, which even today is justly held to be an earthly paradise.

His people, numerous and powerful, were rather nomadic than agrarian, and possessed great herds of kine, immense flocks of sheep and goats, and camels, horses and asses innumerable. Their cities were small, and their progress in the arts limited, for in these things had the sons of Cain prided themselves, and through them had evil corrupted the whole earth.

Steadily their bounds enlarged as the young and adventurous from year to year broke away from the crowded central lands, and sought broader pastures, and greater success in the western prairies beyond the mountains. To such adventurers the patriarch ever gave his blessing and such counsel and encouragement as were held by his people little less sacred than the oracles of God.

He seldom spoke of the events of the great Deluge, except when proud hearts rebelled against the laws of God and man, or when he bore solemn testimony to the truth of a tradition, which was to be known of every nation, and will endure in every tongue from gen-

eration to generation as long as earth is peopled of living men.

Arphaxad, his grandson, a prince, then in the prime of life, had for some time contemplated a journey far into that great and fertile land, watered of the Tigris and Euphrates, and then scarcely inhabited. Adventurous Norsemen had visited it, and brought back wondrous tales of its boundless meadows, shallow lakes, noble rivers, and abundance of animal life, and a great caravan ready for the long journey, had gathered together hundreds of Norsemen, with their families, great flocks and herds, and the household belongings of that simple age.

A great tent of felted camel's hair stood on a gentle eminence, under the shadow of stately palm trees, and shielded from the north winds by a cliff fastened with clematis and vine, and bordered by ilex myrtle and almond. A tiny rivulet fell in feathery spray from one narrow ledge to another, forming a small but never-failing pool of water below. Before the widely-flung curtains of the doorway a single swordsman stood holding the bridle of his horse, beneath the tasseled point of a long and massive spear whose bronze-shod shaft was struck deeply into the verdant turf.

Within the floor was covered with thick coarse rugs, soft-tanned skins of lion, tiger, bear and leopard, and gaily-dyed pelts of sheep and goat. Trophies of war and the chase hung against the soft browns and drabs of the felted wall curtains, and on a great cloth was spread the farewell feast, given by Noah to the leaders of his departing children, and the princes and elders of his house.

Great joints and dishes of meats, game, fish and fowl; luscious melons, grapes in huge clusters of ruby, emerald, amethyst and amber; peaches whose skin of crimson and gold seemed half transparent with an inward fire; golden dates scarcely less lucent than glass, with figs, almonds, pistachio nuts, and wines of many vintages, were served without stint or distinction to every guest. Scarcely less tempting was the simpler repast, which the steward of Noah at the same time served to the thousands who were about to depart, and their immediate friends.

As the feast ended, Arphaxad bowing low before his venerable grand sire said, "O, Noah, servant of Jehovah, and sovereign prince of the sons of God, we thank the Almighty for His bounty, and thee, mightiest of his earthly children, for the gracious gifts, which thou hast heaped upon us. And now, we who are about to depart, await thy warning and blessing. Behold those who go with me are even now gathered before thy tent, knowing that

nevermore in this mortal life may they hope to see thee in the flesh or to listen to thy words. Wilt thou that they hear from thy lips, the story of the sins and destruction of the sons of Adam?"

"Yea," replied Noah, "though it be not meet for child and servant, nor for men and women who are children and servants in their hearts, to hear the mightier mysteries of the dealings of God with man; yet as these go forth and see my face no more, it were better to give the truth to their keeping, lest in the days that come a tribe of the sons of Lamech forget the stern justice and wondrous mercies of God."

So saying he arose still mighty of stature and of mien, yet softened and made reverend by the snowy locks and beard which announce his gradual sinking into eld; and preceded by guests, who formed a half circle facing the multitude, thus addressed them:

"Unto you who leave us, and the graves of your fathers, to go into those new lands which lie far beyond yonder western mountains, be the mercy and the peace of God. In Him may you trust and believe, seeking His will, walking in His ways, and finding therein happiness and content in His care and keeping.

Forget not, O my children, for of all our myriads, there are none not of my blood, that ye are also sons of that Adam, whom God created in His own image and of a beauty and strength lacking

little of the supernal majesty of the angels before the throne. Even in the days of Lamech and Methuselah, who beheld him worn out with centuries of sorrow and of eld, men revered the mystical beauty, with which God the Creator had endowed the first man. In my days, I remember that the Carmites, the sinners, whose bones lie scattered in the wreck of the olden world, spared not to scoff, and to say, that Adam was but a half savage, who long lived unclothed, and when he would, knew not how to cover his nakedness, and I, child as I was, knew no better than to repeat the same, while Methuselah sat nearby watching the going down of the sun." His ancient face grew stern, and then smiling he pointed to a child, whose nurse while bathing it in the fountain had let it escape from her arms. In the glow of the sunset the innocent little one stood a moment, knee-deep in lilies and gazing, as one in a dream, at the glory of the west.

Then said I to the Elder, "How exceedingly beautiful is Zillah. Fairer is she than the gayest birds, or the brightest flowers. Meseems that the sun itself or some inner light glows through her lucent flesh, and that the glory of the skies is in her eyes and hair."

Then answered he gravely, "Thou seest in her something of the glory and beauty of Adam on whom be peace, and of Eve the glorius as they came from the hands of the Father, Eternal.

Long after they had passed their prime, and sorrow and penitence unavailing had abated their pride and strength, there were times when they kindled with the remembrance of their life in Paradise, and neither raiment nor gold and gems could have added to or diminished the unutterable glory and charm of their presence. Now and then, perhaps once in a century, is born to us a child like Zillah, who inherits something of the beauty and glory of Paradise; but they are brief of life, and awaken great love and tenderness, even as they depart, leaving behind them bitter sorrows."

"Therefore, O children, doubt not that your kinsmen in the past were noble, glorious, and were beyond all present understanding, and that long before the Flood they had become many and great peoples, wiser, richer, and glorious beyond all description."

"It was, as I judge, far to the west or southwest of this valley that I lived when my father Lamech died, and left me the heir of his priesthood and leadership. In a land even fairer than this, girdled by a great ocean behind whose western billows the sun sank at night to re-appear emerging from the eastern waters with the returning day. There were great cliffs, yellow sands and broad meadows by the sea, undulating planes and lofty tablelands watered by swift rivers, and above all, great mountain ranges whose lofty peaks now glittered with ice

and snow, and again broke out into clouds of black smoke and terrific flood of fire and lava.

"Its people possessed populous cities, rich mines, massive temples, and ships innumerable. Their mariners feared not to voyage afar from land on the waste of waters, and their warriors were never conquered in battle. Their towers and spires seemed to pierce the sky, their harbors were white with sails, and the foam of thousands of oars, and their wisdom, luxury and pride, feared and endured no obstacle to their success. But they had utterly departed from the fear of God, which alone is true wisdom, and because that they could not fathom the Divine One, and His purposes, and could and did gather profit and pleasure, and satiated pride whereas they could, they learned to defy His laws, and to break even those natural bounds which contract the very rules which perish.

"For it is the nature of man, when he becometh a maker of wonderful things, to say: 'Behold! I, too, am a creator.' So, too, doth the merchant of good wealth declare, 'I, alone, am the maker of these great possessions.' While the seeker of hidden knowledge in his turn sayeth, 'What it is, that is an un-sayeth, 'What is it, that is an un-mixed evil, or certain good.' So, too, I will seek power and pleasure, and whatsoever desire my soul lusteth after shall be mine, for we are wiser in our generation than that Enoch, of whom it is written,

"And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

"So the world was full of violence and lust and orgulous pride, and hatred, so that women became as men in their shamelessness and cruelty, and men even as the ravenous beasts of the field. Children knew neither reverence nor gratitude; the just man accepted the custom of the cheat and liar, and even the good dared not raise their voice against the universal wickedness. And save my household and that of Methuselah, they had utterly ceased to worship the only true God, but sacrificed unto strange gods, even the sun and the moon and the stars in their courses, yea, even human sacrifices, and the chastity of man, woman and child they offered up, with rites impious, and prayers and chants blasphemous."

Then six score years before the time appointed, the Lord spoke unto me as I walked apart and said:

"The end of all flesh is come before me, for the earth is filled with violence through them, and behold I will destroy them from the earth.

Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.

And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits and the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits.

Windows shalt thou make in the

ark, and to a cubit's breadth shalt thou slope the roof thereof, and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with first, second and third floors shalt thou make it.

And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, and under heaven, and everything that is in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish a covenant, and thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons, and thy wife and thy sons' wives with thee.

And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring unto the ark, to keep them alive, with thee; they shall be male and female.

Of fowls after their kind and of cattle after their kind; of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind; two of every sort shall come unto thee to keep them alive.

And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee and for them."

And I did as the Lord commanded, and I prospered and grew rich exceedingly, so that in all the land there were none with such possessions; for the Lord gave me wealth and safety, that I might be able in all things to do as he commanded.

And all men held me in fear and honor although they said "He is distraught." How shall this land which we tread, and our fathers have trodden before us, be buried

to its peaks in the seas whereon we sail unfearing?

So year after year my people wrought in the mines, and the asphalt pits, and my great forests on the slopes of the mountains, or cast and forged nails and bolts such as no man had ever seen for excellence and number.

Great warehouses had I wherein the lumber dried and seasoned, and all things were made ready for the building of the great vessel. Fifty years was she in building, strong was she in frame and rib, keel and keelson, stem and stern, floor and sheathing, and with bitumen, was she pitched within and without. Few indeed of those who began the work with me were alive when it ended, and Methuselah, weary of life, alone save my sons, feared the Lord, and foresaw the doom of the wicked. And he aided me in gathering food and gave me of the choicest of his cattle and horses, but he said, "I fear God and fear not death, neither will He suffer me to find my death with the wicked. Wherefore fear not, but do in all things as the Lord hath commanded."

And when I was nearly six hundred years old, the voice of the Lord said unto me:

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation.

Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female; and of beasts that are not clean, by two, the male and his female.

Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth.

For yet seven days and I will cause it to rain upon the earth, forty days and forty nights, and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth."

And on that same day died Methuselah, the oldest of all the children of men. His days were nine hundred years, and he slept with his fathers.

And all living things which might not live in the sea, came unto the ark, tame and wild, fierce and gentle, small and great. All came in due order and time at the mandate of the Lord, and the people wondered and many were afraid. And the ark was builded upon a barren bank of sand far above the reach of the tides, and the mountains afar off towered up above the city.

On the last day of the seven, all had entered the ark, and a great multitude witnessed it, and as the sun went down, behold a great mist like a black wall swept across the ocean, and above the city a tempest swung from the crest of the mountains. And some fled toward the city, but the most laughed and said, "Thy ark will save thee a wetting, O Noah."

But as I gazed the tempest and the wall of darkness from the sea began to grow together, and in the mountains there was a crash of thunder and lightnings unutterable,

and the rain from the hills came down in a flood, as it were a cubit deep and cut away the sand from beneath the ark, and from under the feet of the multitude. Then I sought to close the door of the ark, but I could not, but suddenly it closed as of itself and the ark rose and fell as on the waves of the sea."

"Then around us was the crashing of innumerable waves, the incessant thunderings of opposing tempest clouds; the roar of solid sheets of incessant rain overhead, and the rattle of hailstones so huge, that each fell on roof and sides like the blow of a war axe. Through the narrow apertures of the roof, the lightning blazed unceasingly, and more lurid and lasting flashes from above and below, were accompanied by tremors and shocks, which testified that the archangels of the abyss and of the volcanic ranges had broken up the fountains of the deep, and the dreadful abysses of the mountain land.

For forty days and forty nights this fearful elemental war continued before the rain ceased to fall, and the ark rose and fell on the huge waves of shoreless and islandless ocean. In the ark all were safe, well, and strangely enough, most of the animals seemed to sleep continuously, taking and needing but care and food.

And at the end of the fortieth day, there was a little light, and I looked out upon the sea from the highest window of the ark, but I saw neither ship or shore, but only a great cloud of sea fowl, and

schools of whales and great fishes which followed the ark.

But I saw and heard nothing after the door was shut, save the gleam of the lightning and the meeting rush of rain and wind and wave and hail.

And on the one hundred and fiftieth day of the month the water had a little abated, and in the seventh month, the ark struck upon the range of mountains, whereas are still living some families of our people.

On the first day of the tenth month were the tops of of the mountains seen, and on the tenth day of the eleventh month, I loosed a raven, but he came not back, for he found food cast up by the sea.

"Then I sent forth a dove, swift and strong of wing, but she came back wearied and hungry and found food and rest in the ark. And after seven days I sent forth the dove again, and she returned in the evening, and lo, a green olive leaf was in her mouth.

"And again I waited seven days and put forth the same dove, but she returned no more. So I knew that the flood had abated from off the face of the earth, and on the first day of the thirteenth month, I opened the doors and hatches of the ark, and on the first day of the fourteenth month, was the earth dried and fit for habitation.

And the voice of God said:

"Go forth of the ark thou and thy wife, and thy sons and thy sons' wives with thee.

Bring forth with thee every liv-

ing thing that is with thee of all flesh, both of fowl and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful and multiply upon the earth."

And I did as the Lord commanded. And when all were out of the ark, I built an altar and sacrificed unto the Lord.

And God blessed us, and gave us dominion over all living things; both for use and for food were they given unto us and our children. But the fear of the flood was upon us, and some feared to depart from the ark.

Then God spoke again unto me and to those who were with me and said, "And I, behold I, establish my covenant with you and with your seed after you."

"And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.

And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood, neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth."

And God said, "This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you for perpetual generations. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

And it shall come to pass, when

I bring a cloud over the earth that the bow shall be seen in the cloud. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh, and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh."

And as God spoke, afar off up the valley a heavy cloud swept down a spur of the mountain, and broke in heavy rains, and in lightnings and thunderings, and then was pierced of the sun so that the refreshed trees and pastures shone green and golden in his rays. And Noah extended his arm and the narrow valley just swept by the storm glowed brighter and more beautiful under the Bow of the Covenant.

And Noah said, "And now children of mine own flesh, ye are about to move farther into that mysterious west, from whence, as I deem, the ark bore me on the great deluge. Forget not that ye are all children of one father, first of that Adam who brought death into the world, and again of that Noah, whom God chose to save with the living things which has replenished the earth. Above all, forget not God and His dealings with men, lest in your turn ye fail to obey and reverence Him and perish from the earth."

"Take, then, the blessing of an old man who, after over nine centuries of life and labor, sees his long pilgrimage drawing to a close. Be ye stout of heart and strong of hand, just, fearless and merciful, and such men as shall by your-

selves or your children penetrate unto that great sea, whereof our poets sing, as the cradle of the ancient home of our race.

"Truly to me now, comes a vision of a narrow sea whereby great peoples shall gather, building altars and temples, cities and ports, armies and fleets and sovereignties, whose glory shall ring throughout the whole earth.

Toward the eastward also move the children of Seth, and by great rivers fringed with palms, I see the white cities and temples of uncounted millions. War and sin and error tinge their course with blood, but through the dimmer mists of a remote future, I see the broken circle meets at last, and the sins of Seth filling the whole earth. Surely in that day, when the name of Jehovah shall be adored in every land and of every people, I shall somewhere eat of the fruit that I have planted, and rejoice in the consummation of the purposes of God.

"The vision fades, and again I bid you farewell. For me, the memories of the past and thoughts of the future fill my heart and drive sleep from my eyelids. I will go forth upon the mountains and pray.

And those who watched the herds and flocks that night, told in after years of luminous forms that shot across the zenith, seeking and departing from the narrow spur of naked cliff, whereto it was the wont of Noah to walk alone with the right and God.

HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

One of the most remarkable things in the curriculum of life is the birth and growth of a great mind. In times of social or political changes the upheaval of civil strife bringing in its train the death of old institutions and ideas, changes in government and in religion, the passing of mighty nations or races to the rear while new leaders are destined to press onward with the standard of advancement, then, when God stands with one foot on the sea and one on the shore leading the march of human progress toward the perfection that shall usher in the millennium on earth—at such times great men are born; in obscurity, in degradation, under the law it may be, that ever in our earthly pilgrimage the life of our dear Redeemer shall be reproduced while time still holds—at such periods a hero comes unheralded and unsung in the solitude of poverty and communes with nature. No books, no teaching, no interchange of thought with cultured mentality, alone with the skies, the sea, the earth and his inner consciousness—the essence of the spirit, “a man of genius, heaven’s perfect gift” is given to humanity.

So came into being the gift of God to the Black race in the United States at the darkest hour in its history. Suddenly, as the heavens hung in sullen blackness, from out the gloom of the south

a star shot forth celestial radiance—Frederick Douglass was born.

Whatever man has accomplished in the plan of civilization is but a story of the lives of the great leaders of men, the creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrive to do; the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great ones sent into the world as messengers of God. “The soul of the whole world’s history is the history of these.”

We can imagine the slave child Fred rolling and tumbling over the grass with other slave children each in his tow shirt, fed on ash-cake, and in spite of bad treatment and frequent whippings, thriving under the beating so freely administered by “old Aunt Kate,” who was the foster mother of the small army of plantation pickaninies on the Lloyd plantation.

The Lloyd plantation deserves more than a passing tribute. This home where Frederick Douglass was born was founded by Edward Lloyd, the Puritan, in 1668. Maryland’s bluest blood and most aristocratic family was found in this home. It had furnished at least one governor for the state.

“In this, Governor Lloyd’s time, there was a certain bailiff, at Wye, one Captain Anthony of St. Michael’s, at one time master of a bay craft in the service of the

governor, also a relative of the Lloyd's. This man was the owner of a likely Negro who escaped from bondage, and by his remarkable powers, acquirements, and address became known to the world as Frederick Douglass. In 1881 Mr. Douglass being then marshal of the District of Columbia, was moved to re-visit the scenes of his childhood and thrall, and one day found himself on the porch of Wye House, where he was received by the sons of Colonel Lloyd, their father being absent, with that courtesy which is extended to every stranger who finds his way thither. When he made known the motive of his visit, he was conducted over the estate, from spot to spot that he remembered and described with all their childish association; here a spring, there a hedge, a lane, a field, a tree. He called them by their names, or recalled them by some simple incident, and all the glowing heart of the man seemed to go out to the place as he passed from ghost to ghost as in a dream. And then a strange thing happened; standing mute and musing for a while, he said slowly and low, as one who talks in his sleep. "Over in dem woods was whar me and Mar's Dan uster trap rabbits." "Mars Dan" was the governor's son. Was it the man's half-playful, half-pathetic sense of the grotesque incongruity of the situation? Or was it glamour?—all the tremendous significance of a phenomenal life compacted into the homely reflection and phrase of a barefoot Negro boy.

He plucked flowers from the graves of dead Lloyds he had known, and at the table drank to the health of the master of the house and of his children, "that they and their descendants may worthily maintain the character and the fame of their ancestors."

"Grotesque incongruity" indeed when we think of the great man's past—playing, laughing, chattering, shouting in glee, no anxious dreams of the future, and even the present suffering causing but a transient grief, and compare it with that grand and dazzling future of idolatry when the world paused to listen to Frederick Douglass's words.

For ten years the child Fred lived this life, seeing the separation of families, listening to the shrieks and cries of men and women flogged at the quarters, hearing the prayer, "Oh, Lord, how long?" Until that age, though a remarkably bright boy, he had probably had no ambitious dreams, but in his mind uneasiness began to take the place of endurance as he asked himself "Why is it thus with my people alone?" "Is there no help?"

Then he was sent to Baltimore to his young mistress who was also a member of the influential Lloyd family. She taught him to read the Bible, and the first rays of knowledge illuminated his mind. He taught himself to write by the models in his young master's copy-book. Then came that mental thirst which must be quenched and he soon secured the speeches of Sheridan, Lord Chatham, William Pitt

and Fox. His wonderful mental powers were awakened, his superior natural gifts began to reveal themselves. We can easily believe that in the veins of this man ran the best blood of old Maryland families mingled with the noble blood of African princes.

With enlightenment came dissatisfaction. He grew morose and gloomy; voices and beckoning hands called him and pointed to freedom's land. He determined to escape from thralldom. How he accomplished this is too well-known to rehearse it here. He chose New Bedford for his home, and there continued his studies, applying himself closely to mastering all the branches of education which slavery had robbed him of in early youth. At this time, too, he adopted the name of Douglass, after reading the "Lady of the Lake." How surprised and delighted the illustrious author would have been could he have foreseen to what use the name Douglass would come through the medium of his famous poem. While he was acquiring knowledge, he was engaged in the humblest toil to provide his daily bread.

He learned something outside of books in New Bedford; there he saw the colored people owning their comfortable little homes and farms, schooling their children and transacting their own business. A wonderful new world of thought and action stretched before his startled gaze. Then and there he resolved to conquer it.

His advent as a lecturer was as

remarkable as any event in his history. The following description of the scene is from Parker Pillsbury's "Anti-Slavery Apostles."

"Several of our speakers were colored, of whom New Bedford at that time had many (1841). I think there were two religious societies of colored people there, each with meeting-house and minister. . . .

One of them spoke so effectively at our meetings that he was invited to go with us to Nantucket, with promise of expenses paid. Not much was required for fare, for he and his wife were allowed only on the forward deck, where they suffered from both sun and rain, especially on our return, by rain. Our company, of course, protested, but the rule was imperious.

A young New Bedford barber, slightly colored, named Sanderson, never a slave, tall, handsome, made one of the finest addresses I had then heard on the subject of slavery, Edmund Quincy, who sat by me, remarked, and truly, as the young man sat down, 'There was not an error of grammar in that speech.' And it was more than half an hour in delivery.

Later in the evening our invited friend from New Bedford, the fugitive slave (Frederick Douglass), came to the platform. The house was crowded in every part, and he evidently began to speak under much embarrassment. To that time the meeting had advanced with increasing fervor, and, as this was the last session, I began to fear a decline for the close. But the young man soon gained self-

possession, and gradually rose to the importance of the occasion and the dignity of his theme. In the course of his remarks he gave a most side-splitting specimen of a slave-holding minister's sermon, both as to delivery and doctrine, the text being: 'Servants, obey in all things your masters.' . . .

When the young man closed, late in the evening, though none seemed to know nor care for the hour, Mr. Garrison arose to make the concluding address. The crowded congregation had been wrought up almost to enchantment—particularly by some of the utterances of the last speaker, as he turned over the terrible Apocalypse of his experiences in slavery.

Mr. Garrison rose to make the concluding address. He was singularly serene and calm. He only asked a few simple, direct questions. The first was: 'Have we been listening to a thing, a piece of property, or a man?' 'A man! A man!' shouted fully five hundred voices of women and men.

'And should such a man be held a slave in a republican and Christian land?' was another question. 'No, no! Never, never!' again swelled from the same voices, like the billows of the deep. But the last was this: 'Shall such a man ever be sent back to slavery from the soil of old Massachusetts?' this time uttered with all the power of voice of which Garrison was then capable, now more than forty years ago. Almost the whole assembly sprang with one accord to their feet and the walls and the roof of the

Athenæum seemed to shudder with the 'No, no!' loud and long continued in the wild enthusiasm of the scene. As soon as Garrison could be heard, he caught up the acclaim, and superadded: 'No! a thousand times no! Sooner the lightnings of heaven blast Bunker Hill monument till not one stone shall be left standing on another!'

The whole can be better imagined than described by pen of mine.

Before us stood one trophy, self-delivered, self-redeemed from our chattel slavery system, then seething with all the terrors of the second death. And why should we not have rejoiced then and there? For that proved none other than the baptismal, the consecrating service of Frederick Douglass into the life-work and ministry which he has since so wonderfully fulfilled."

White men and black men had spoken on slavery but never like Frederick Douglass. The newspapers were filled with sayings of the "eloquent fugitive." He made his audiences weep, laugh, swear. He opened the hearts of thousands to mercy and pity for the slave by his eloquence and pathos. Many kept away from his lectures lest they be converted against their will. He knew the gamut of the human heart and swept the strings with a master hand.

In 1841 he accepted an agency as lecturer for the anti-slavery society and became at once invaluable to its promoters.

He visited Europe in 1845. In that same year he published the

story of his life by this act giving a forward movement to the progress of the black race. This book was a soul-stirring and thrilling memoir of his slave life and the heartrending scenes with which he was so closely connected. He was most kindly received abroad and he traveled the length and breadth of England advocating the cause of his brother in chains in such powerful and eloquent language that the very heart of the people was stirred to its secret depths. He spoke as one with authority—as one into whose soul the iron of unutterable sorrow had entered.

It is argued by some that Frederick Douglass's ability as an editor and publisher did more than all his platform eloquence to compass the freedom of his people; that, of course, is a question.

Previous to 1848 the colored people of this country had no literature. The "National Reformer," the "Mirror of Liberty," the "Colored American," "The Mystery," the "Disfranchised American," the "Ram's Horn," and other papers of smaller magnitude, had been in existence, and ceased to live. All of these journals had done something towards raising the black man's standard, but literary work of colored men was received with great allowance by the whites and they were considered out of their sphere when they meddled with journalism. But Mr. Douglass's well-earned fame gave his paper at once a standing with the first journals in the country; and he drew

around him a score of contributors and correspondents from Europe, as well as all parts of America and the West Indies, that made its columns rich with the current news of the world.

In appearance Mr. Douglass was tall and well-made with a grandly developed head stamped with the sign-manual of intellectual superiority—a head that delighted phrenologists. His voice was full round, rich, clear, and his enunciation perfect. I remember well the sensations which filled my own breast the first time it was my privilege to listen to the "grand old man." Child as I was, I felt that I could listen to the mellow richness of those sonorous accents forever. His bearing full of simplicity, was the dignified bearing of a wealthy cosmopolitan, sure of himself and of the world's homage, master of himself, unpretentious yet brilliant as a star.

He handled his subject well, with that soulful eloquence which like a pure spring issued from the spirit of the God-head within him, coming in a flood, sweeping away every obstacle of contradiction, overwhelming and swallowing every adversary. With these god-like gifts it is not a matter of wonder that he should have assumed first rank upon the lyceum platform as a lecturer, a peer of Wendell Phillips, and like him having many imitators.

What were the times and conditions which tended to produce this inspired enthusiast and to place

the slave-holder's chattel before the world on the same platform with Phillips, engaged in the same mission, the confidante of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury and others?

The introduction of the cotton-gin into the South enhanced the value of slave-property and there seemed no immediate prospect of the gradual emancipation of the slaves, which question had begun to be agitated in several states. Then came the formation of the Anti-slavery society in 1832, one year after the publication of "The Liberator," in Boston. The agitation of the question in Congress, the mobbing of Wm. Lloyd Garrison who was driven from the Anti-slavery platform in Boston by the cultured, rich Puritan patriots of the great commonwealth. They laid hands on Garrison with cries of violence, put a rope about his waist, and dragged him to imprisonment! Mobs quickly followed this act of Massachusetts, in [U]tica, New York, and in New York City. The experience of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a native of Maine, who in St. Louis edited the "St. Louis Times" and advocated through its columns justice to the enslaved Negro, recalls the story of Ida Wells Barnet, colored journalist and lecturer, in these more recent years. Lovejoy was murdered; Mrs. Barnet lost all her property but escaped with her life. In New York colored people were hunted like wild beasts, their churches and homes burned, with no attempt at protection

It was suggested to the Legislature of one of the Southern States, that a large reward be offered for the head of a citizen of Massachusetts who was the pioneer in the anti-slavery movement. A similar reward was offered for the head of a citizen of New York. This insult was not received in either State. The position of the American churches on the question of slavery did great damage to the cause of Christiaity. Christmas defended slavery out of the Bible.

The enactment by Congress of the Fugitive Slave Law caused the friends of freedom to feel that the General Government was fast becoming the bulwark of slavery. The rendition of Thomas Sims, and later that of Anthony Burns, was humiliating to the friends of the Blacks.

The "Dred Scott Decision" added to the smouldering fire. By this decision in the highest court of American law, it was affirmed that no free Negro could claim to be a citizen of the United States, but was only under the jurisdiction of the separate State in which he resided; that the prohibition of slavery in any Territory of the Union was unconstitutional; and that the slave-owner might go where he pleased with his property, throughout the United States, and retain his right. This decision created much discussion, both in America and in Europe, and injured the good name of the country abroad.

The Constitution thus interpreted by Judge Taney, became the wind-

ing sheet of liberty, and gave boldness to the Southerners. The slave-holders in the cotton, sugar and rice growing states began to urge the re-opening of the slave-trade, and the driving out of all free colored people from the Southern States. In the Southern Rights' Convention, Baltimore, June 8, 1860, a resolution was adopted calling on the Legislature to pass a law to that effect. Every speaker took the ground that such a law was necessary to preserve the obedience of the slaves. Judge Catron of the Supreme Court of the United States, opposed the law. He said the free colored people were among the best mechanics, artisans, and most industrious laborers in the States, and that to drive them out would be an injury to the State itself. (The governments of the Southern States in 1900, will please take notice.)

Yet these free colored people were driven out in many States, and those unable to go, were reduced to slavery. These free people had never been permitted by law to school their children, or to read books that treated against the institution of slavery. The Rev. Samuel Green, a colored Methodist preacher, was convicted and sent to the Maryland penitentiary, in 1858, for the offence of being found reading "Uncle Tom's Cain." The growth of the "Free-Soil" party, which had taken the place of the "Liberty" party; the struggle in Kansas; the "Oberlin Rescue Trials"; and, lastly, the "John Brown Raid," carried the

question of slavery to the highest point. All efforts,—in Congress, in the pro-slavery political conventions, and in the churches, added fuel to the flame that was making rapid inroads upon the inhuman monster. The hour struck upon the horologe of eternity; the Negro was destined to be free.

Progress follows upon the heels of discontent. Discontent is abroad and people open their eyes to the wickedness going on about them. Knowledge brought discontent to the slave Fred, and with it the grand resolve—liberty or death. God had need of workers in the vineyard and he called also another—a young white man whose inheritance was universal liberty from ancestors remote—he saw "pregnant liberty heaving in the qualms" the day Garrison was mobbed, and then and there the abolitionist Wendell Phillips was born with a purpose divinely conceived, to be the companion of the self-emancipated slave. Event succeeded event in Frederick Douglass's life; opportunity embraced brought to the "sage of Anacosta" honor and renown. Though a slave in the South, we must conclude that he knew something of the great events recorded here. The development of the natural cunning and the keen wit of the slave compassed all difficulties in the way of obtaining news of all current events pertaining to the Negro.

Douglass was present, practically, at the birth of aggressive anti-slavery agitation; he watched with interest

the birth of the "Free Soil" party, and when the "Republican party" first saw the light of day, with its face set firmly against the further extension of slave territory and the insolent domination of the slave power, he clapped his hands for joy

Those old days seem far away to us of the present generation; some of us may even wish to never recall the horrors of our past. But is there not cause for anxiety? Are things, in the main, very much different at this hour?

To-day we have again the rise of the slave-power, for the old spirit is not dead; the serpent was scorched, not killed; so we have lynch-law and a black Postmaster Baker murdered in cold blood and neither redress nor protection from the Federal Government. We have the Convict-lease system and the word of influential Southerners that in it they have "a better thing than slavery, for them."

Frederick Douglass lived long enough to feel anxiety concerning the political and social status of his people from the vacillating policy of politicians in the power of the "machine."

Speaking of an article written by Mr. T. Thomas Fortune on "Southern Home Rule," he said:

"It is thoroughly comprehensive in its treatment, and will strike the true patriots of the country with no little alarm at the condition that seems to surround us. The nation should find a remedy for all this wrong. Unless it does this, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as

a foul curse upon the age in which we live—a sham, a delusion and a snare. The situation is full of argument. It is like Mr. Lincoln's favorite method. He simply made a statement of facts, and they in themselves constituted a sufficient argument. The bare statement of our wrongs is really the best argument that can be made. They exist. There is no denial of them, nor any palliation.

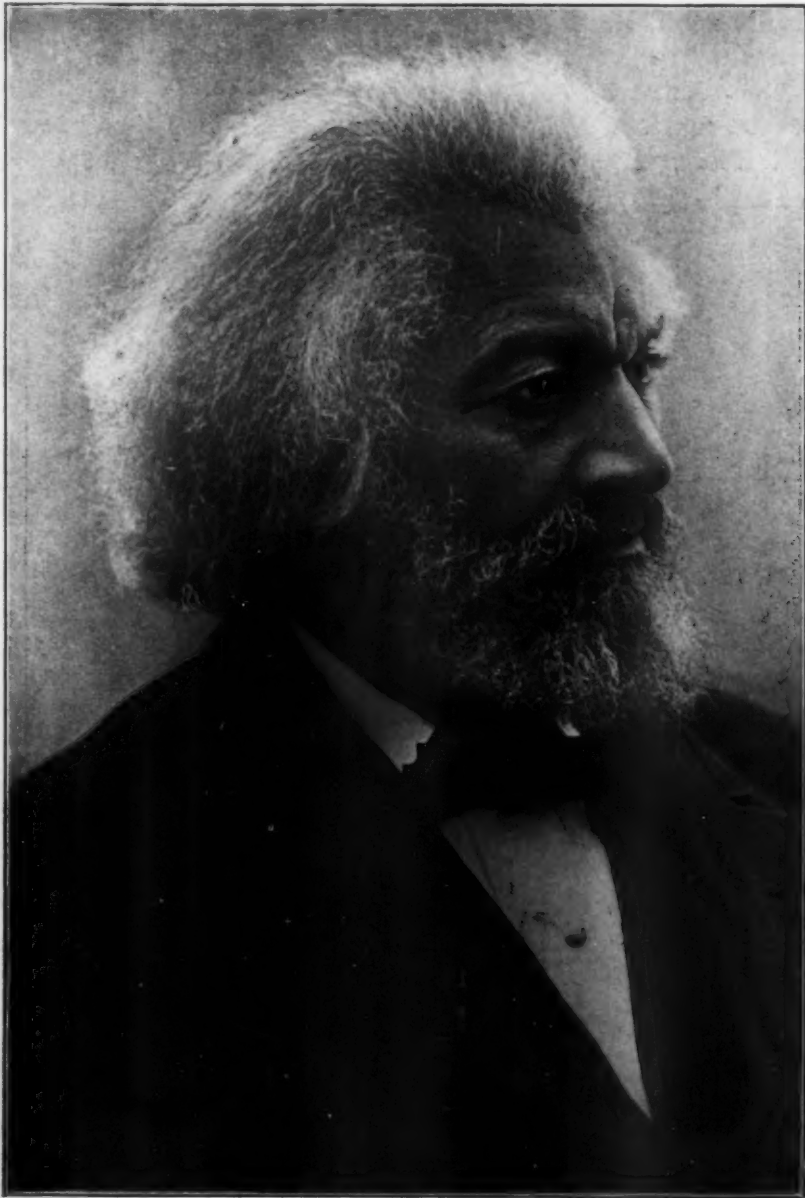
In the treatment of this great question we have all been fools, and the Republican party has been the biggest fool of all during a period covering sixteen years. They have pursued a course of folly and adopted a policy of fire. It was the same during the war that threatened to tear asunder the Union. Mr. Lincoln fought the war with only one hand. His white hand was used in front, while his black hand was tied behind him. The Republican party has not been able to advance far from this policy even unto this day.

I want the Negro question kept uppermost in the public mind. There is a disposition now to relegate it to the rear, as there was in 1884, when the Blaine idea dominated the Republican party. In that campaign they undertook to tie my tongue. They did not try to define the limits of my argument, but I could feel their purpose and desire in the drift of their discussions.

I hope that we shall be able to stay in the Republican party, but it must be true to us. The Negro is to-day the soul of the Republican party. He is its life, its energy, that

mighty force that gave impulse to its birth and existence. I believe that this is to be ultimately a com-

be able to protect all of its citizens—rich and poor, white and black—alike.



HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

posite nation. There will eventually come in this country a dictatorship. There is a growing demand for a strong government, that will

The election of Cleveland eight years ago turned loose arrogance and assumption everywhere. The country was gradually growing

worse and worse and more intolerant in its hearing of all questions relating to the Negro. I don't see anything for us to do but to make sentiment favorable to the race; and let us make it aggressively." O, venerable and historic sage!

"'Twas the sunset of life gave thee mystical lore,

bia; was Recorder of Deeds, and later Minister-Resident and Consul-General to Hayti.

While holding the latter office an effort was made by the United States Government to obtain a naval station at Mole St. Nicholas. The charge was made against Mr. Douglass that he was the means of



EMPRESS TAITOU OF ABYSSINIA. See page 152

And coming events cast their shadows before."

As a freeman and a citizen the respect of mankind has been heaped upon his head, and trusts of great honor have been laid in his lap by a great nation. In 1881 he was Marshal of the District of Colum-

defeating the acquisition of an important station at the Mole. It was said that he wasted his first year in Hayti in needless parley and delay, and finally reduced the chances of getting the Mole to such a narrow margin as to make it necessary for the government to send Rear-Ad-

miral Gherardi as a special commissioner to Hayti and take the matter out of his hands.

As soon as Mr. Douglass's term of office expired he made a gallant defense of his actions, which were

Hayti, and it is doubtful if it ever does.

In his old age, with his wife and children and grandchildren about him, he rested in the evening of his life from his labors. His villa was



See page 118.

THE DELUGE.

From the painting by Doré.

grossly misrepresented, in the "North American Review," to the entire satisfaction of his friends and the discomfiture of his enemies.

The government has not yet acquired the Mole St. Nicholas from

one of the finest and most desirable in the Republic, whose original proprietor stipulated in the deed of transfer that the property should never be owned by a descendant of the African race. This estate is sit-

uated just beyond the eastern branch on the outskirts of Washington, embowered in oaks, commanding a view of the Navy Yard



CHARLES ALEXANDER. See page 145.

and the shaft of the Washington Monument. It gives a magnificent view of the most magnificent city on this continent. Such was Cedar Hill, where Douglass closed his eyes in sleep after life's fitful fever in.

He had lived in Washington over twenty years, fifteen at Cedar Hill; before that time he lived at New Bedford three years; at Lynn, five; at Rochester, N. Y., twenty-five. He twice married.

Mr. Douglass loved music, and played the violin. When the young people of Washington visited him at the Cedar Hill home, he frequently accompanied some expert pianist among them with the violin. His grandson, Joseph, inherits Mr. Douglass's musical gifts, and is not only a professional violinist, but

has written some excellent scores. Joseph was Mr. Douglass's favorite grandchild. He had a large and extensive library, where one might see splendid busts of Feuerbach and Strauss. Fine engravings adorned the walls, a bas relief of Dante overlooking the pictures on the wall.

Mr. Douglass may have had his faults; who on this earthly planet has not? But they were not such as would dim one page of his great career.

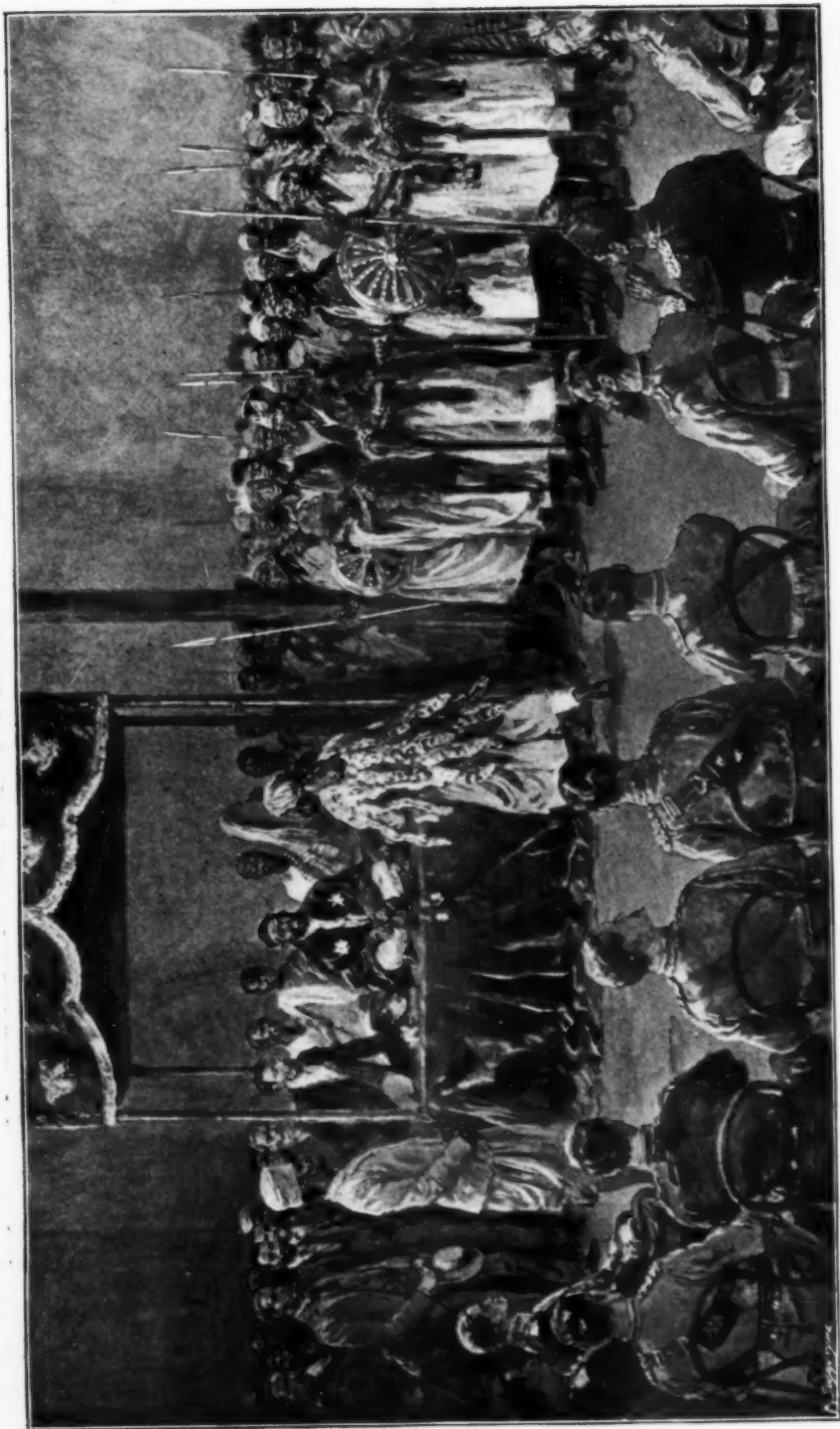
He presents to us in his life an example of possibilities which may be within the reach of many young men of the rising generation—a mission divinely given, grandly accomplished. An honored name is his bequest to the Negro of the United States.

Note.—The author has used for books of reference Dr. Brown's



J. ALEXANDRE SKEETE. See page 157.

"Rising Son," and extracts from John Williamson Palmer in the "Century Magazine" for 1894, and Parker Pillsbury's "Anti-Slavery Apostles."



MENELIK RECEIVING THE ENGLISH COMMISSIONERS. See page 153.

HERE AND THERE.

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general views and interest.]

Miss Bessie C. Winfield is one of the youngest colored teachers in the schools of Brooklyn, N. Y. Hav

Teachers, and graduated therefrom last June. She received her appointment as regular teacher in P.



AUGUSTUS M. HODGES. See page 146.

ing taken the four years' course in the Brooklyn High School, she graduated from same in June, 1899. Soon after she took a course in the Brooklyn Training School for

S. No. 84 in October last. Having been very successful in her school career, her new work of teaching will without doubt prove her to be a young woman of great ability.

Miss Rachel W. Thomas was born in the fall of 1876 'mid the green fields of West Virginia. Her education, which was at first limited,

Although a native of Virginia, she has a host of friends in Tennessee. Miss Thomas is a fluent conversationalist, and her chief de-



MME. ELIZABETH B. WILLIAMS, NEW YORK, N. Y. See page 160.

has broadened by close application to study, and for several years she has been a professional tutor in various parts of the South.

sire at all times is to elevate the race and to do all in her power to destroy racial hatred in the South.

**THE VESTED CHOIR OF ST. PHILIP'S
CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.**

Among the many advantages which St. Philip's Church has over



EDWARD ELLIS, JR.
Choir Master.

that of any other colored Episcopal Church in the South is its magnificent and well-trained vested choir of thirty-nine voices. It is also to be congratulated upon its brilliant and gifted pulpit orator, Rev. George Alexander McGuire, who ranks second to none as a priest in the P. E. Church, North or South. With these advantages St. Philip's Church has before it a bright future in its prospective field of Christian work.

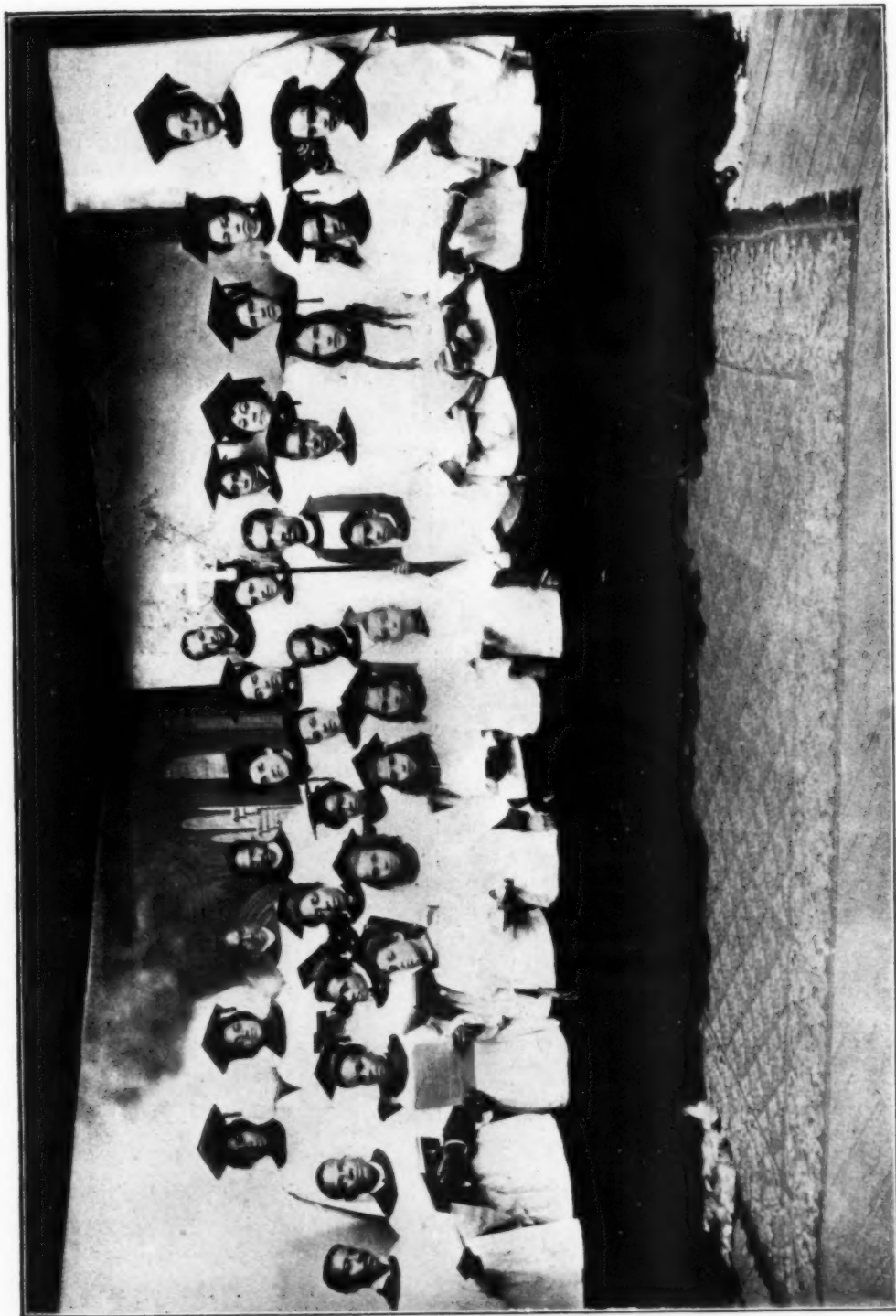
The choir of St. Philip's Church, under the directorship of Mr. Edward Ellis, Jr., has increased within the last eighteen months from five to thirty-nine members. The choir is now composed of some of the best colored vocal talent in the

city of Richmond, and will be favorably compared with any other choir of equal numbers in the white or colored churches of any denomination. The music used by the choir is the very best. Mr. Ellis, choirmaster, uses good taste in his selection of music. He is careful as to his choice of composers, especially in range and key. He winks at the idea of putting simple and light music on his choir for rehearsals. His choice of anthems, "Te Deums," Jubilate Deos, Venite, Nunc Dimittis and Magnificats are from the best authors, and most difficult music. He is of the opinion that the higher the music in composition, the greater the cultivation and accomplishments of the voices. The choir is now undergoing thorough training for Christ-



D. R. HILL.
Assistant Choir Master.

mas music, which will be something grand. The auxiliary or juvenile



THE VESTED CHOIR OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.

choir is now rehearsing with the senior choir for Christmas. The



"CUPE."

From "Stringtown on the Pike." See page 145.

voices in this part of the choir are excellent in range and exactness. Mr. Ellis spares no pains in trying to make his choir all that it should be. The choral services Sunday evenings are enjoyable. He is now putting forth every effort to have a

new organ in the church by Christmas. In this effort he is ably assisted by his "Choir Organ Committee," independent of the church's assistance, as the church at present has an indebtedness of \$3,000. Mr. Ellis is a faithful and untiring worker, both in church and vestry. Mr. David R. Hill of Pittsburg, Pa., is the assistant choirmaster, and conducts principally all of the rehearsals. He is a valuable adjunct to the choir. He is a skilled musician and an expert cornetist. There is no music too complicated for him. He also believes in putting the choir to the most rigid test in rehearsals. Mr. Hill has been with the choir ever since its re-organization, and has



JOHN URI LLOYD. See page 146.

contributed much towards its musical advancement.

GEN. G. Q. BOYD.

BY W. L. JOHNSON.

The subject of this sketch was born in Clarksville, Tenn., at the termination of the Civil War. His



MISS RACHEL W. THOMAS. See page 135.

parents were Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, who foresaw in him a budding genius, and during the pioneer days, when most youths ran wild like cattle on the plains, they sent him to the public school, where he gained the rudiments of an education. His early hobby was law, and to be a full-fledged attorney and politician was the height of his ambition.

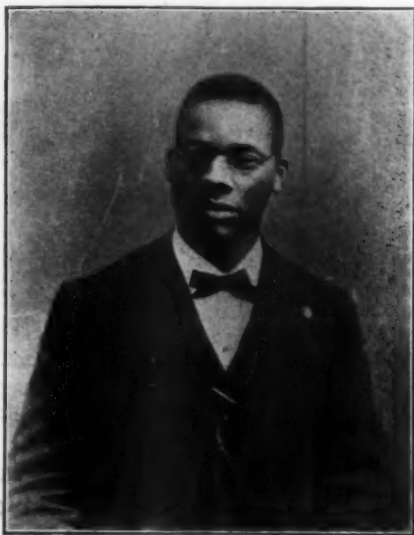
After many hardships and reverses, Gen. Boyd was given a limited amount of instruction in law by the friendly Caucasian barristers who desired to see him succeed. After soliciting aid he was sent to Wilberforce College, where he finished his studies, making a creditable as well as amenable mark in

that seminary. Returning home, he began to "paddle his own canoe," and within ten years he became the most shrewd criminal lawyer in the South.

Early in the '80's he organized the Clarksville Military Guards, which dubbed him "Gen.," and the title remained with him evermore. Gen. Boyd ruled with a high hand. As he was a close friend of President McKinley, he was considered to be the keenest of all the political moguls and Republican bosses of his time.

His greatest fame came when he spoke at Minneapolis, Minn., endorsing the Republican platform.

Gen. Boyd's greatest weakness and fault was his irate temper, which caused him to be feared by those who crossed him in any way. Owing to the existence of an old grudge, which was termed the



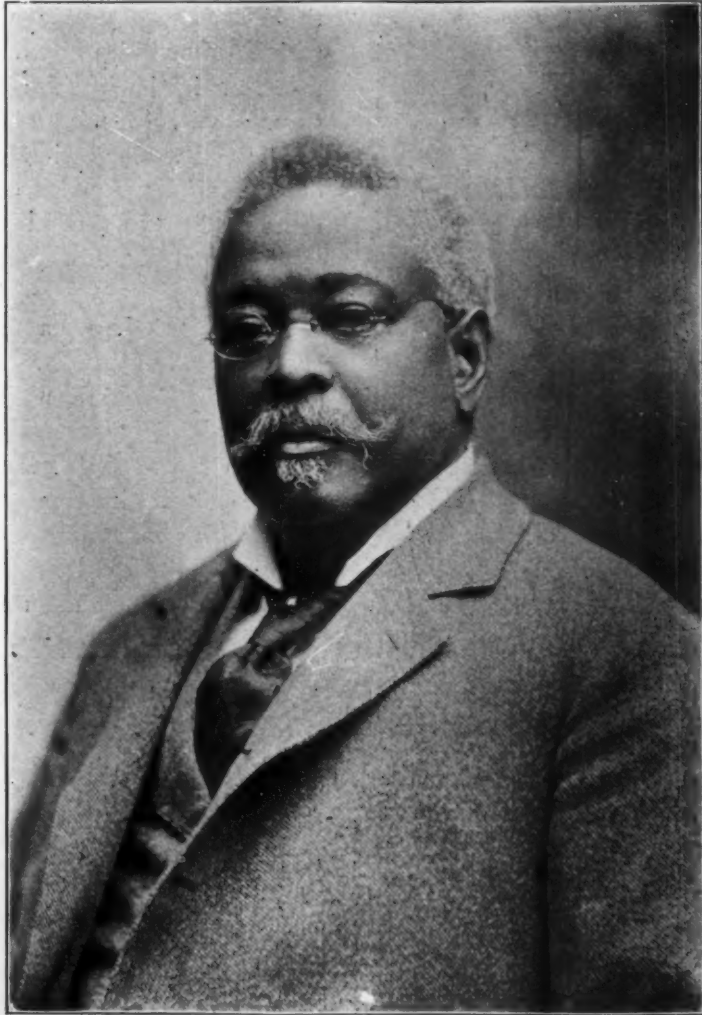
GEN. G. Q. BOYD.

Boyd-Dabney feud, his career was terminated by George Dabney in

Anarchist style Aug. 23, 1897, after a fracas, which was precipitated by a base-ball game.

As he had often asserted, he "died with his boots on," and the

ment over his grave, but the matter failed to materialize. 'Tis said that justice was miscarried in a mock trial whereby his slayer was liberated, as well as the accomplices.



D. AUGUSTUS STRAKER.
A prominent lawyer of Detroit, Mich.

silver-tongued orator, who was destined to become a Lincoln or Washington of the race, faded and died in the bloom of life. An appeal was made by the National Afro-American Union to raise a monu-

His spouse was Miss Susie Boyd, a former reigning society belle of the smart set. The Afro-American has lost one more statesman, orator and philosopher, who will doubtless meet us in the land beyond.

Mme. Tyler is a beautiful octo-
roon, who has already charmed
many of the most select audiences
in this country. At the Grand
Opera House, Chicago, she recent-

Miss Birdie Crusman is the only
colored girl authoress in Tennessee
who has written many books suc-
cessfully, and is reaping a snug sum
from their sale.



MME. ROSALIE TYLER.
The Creole Nightingale.

ly scored a tremendous hit, singing
her old familiar ballads and South-
ern melodies in a rich and most
expressive soprano voice.

She also achieved a large success
at Keith's Philadelphia Theatre
within a short time.

There are several prominent gen-
tlemen of color in Clarksville,
Tenn., holding important positions:
Hon. N. C. Dixon, Alderman; Joe
Thompkins, Andrew Saunders,
Norman Kimbrough, Sam Steele
and W. H. Harris, who are all em-
ployees of Uncle Sam.

The season of Grand Opera in Italian, French and German, under



MISS BESSIE C. WINFIELD,
Brooklyn, N. Y. See page 134.

the direction of Mr. Maurice Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, will begin on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. Many new operas will be sung this season, as well as the old favorites, among which are Faust, Carmen, Lohengrin and Romeo and Juliet.

It is to be hoped that every lover of music will attend part if not every performance given by the company this season, as it affords the greatest medium of education in music, and I am sure that no one will regret having spent the money to hear such singers as Nellie Melba, Emma Eames, Jean and Edouard DeReske, Pol Plancon and many other famous singers. For musicians to remain away from the opera is an unpardonable sin.

Mr. Grau's company will sing in

most of the large cities; those who do not live there should make it a point to make an excursion to town while the company is there. It is just as important to hear music as it is to take lessons. I have met students of music who were so far removed from any knowledge of music in general, excepting their own very limited repertoire, that conversation on a musical topic was an utter impossibility. This is not as it should be—if you are in the profession you should be acquainted with it in all its branches. Then again, if one does not appreciate their profession enough to go to hear other artists, they are to be pitied indeed.

I appeal, therefore, to all who wish to combine pleasure with edu-



PRESTON TAYLOR, ESQ.,
Nashville, Tenn. See page 153.

cation in art to attend the opera this season.

Miss Eleanore Booth of New Haven, Conn., is a graudate of Hill



MISS ELEANORE BOOTH,
New Haven, Conn.

House High School, after passing a creditable four years' tutelage. Being of a lovable disposition, she has won the hearts of her teachers and friends. She is now taking a post-graduate course for the purpose of teaching. Her father, Rev. George C. Booth, a prominent Methodist minister of Evanston, Ill., is an eminent divine. Her mother, the daughter of Mr. Chas. McClain, had the distinction of being the first colored teacher in the State of Connecticut, teaching 22 years in the same school, then turning it over to her daughter, Miss Grace Booth, who is winning renown for her thoroughness and finesse.

Mr. Frank P. George of Chicago is a young dramatic reader of much force and great promise.

The initial performance of this young devotee of dramatic art was given in this city June 2, 1898, the success of which will ever be remembered by those who were fortunate to see and hear him.

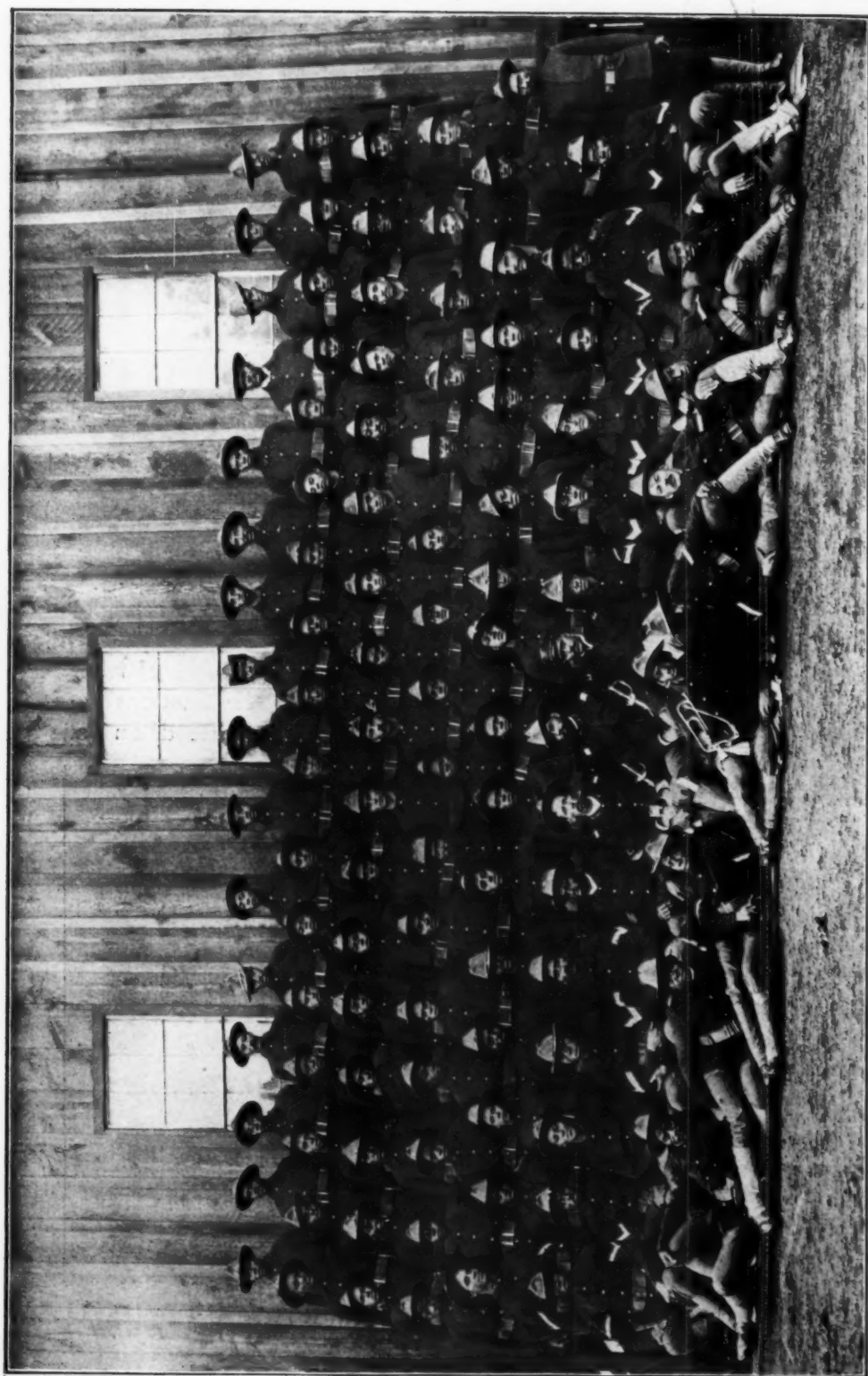
The interpretation of his masterpieces, "Spartacus to the Gladiator," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," was so excellently portrayed that the press of the city was unstinted in their praise of his renditions.

Being of an ambitious turn of mind, and believing that greater laurels, sooner or later, would crown his efforts, he was fortunate enough to appear at the Auditorium, where his classic renditions before a large and critical audience won for him plaudits which far exceeded the expectations of his most sanguine friends and ad-



FRANK P. GEORGE,
Chicago, Ill.

mirers. His hopes were also fully realized.



"THE OLD GUARD," — CO. L, 49TH INFANTRY, U. S. ARMY, NOW IN THE PHILIPPINES.

UNITY AMONG OUR PEOPLE.

G. WASHINGTON BUTT.

Unity is the foundation of success to any and all nations. Together we stand, divided we fall, should be "In hoc signo vinces" to our people. Our conspicuousness in the world necessitates a unity of forces on our part. We have grown to be the bone of contention, beginning from the first importation of Negroes to this country in 1619-20, landing in Virginia. And in order for our progress in life to ever be continued, and that it may be the instrumentality of our children and grandchildren imbibing ambition, aspiration and inspiration, unity is the only medicine that can take into custody that all but incurable malady known as "Division among our people." We should unite in purpose, heart and hand. The future destiny of our race depends largely upon the manner in which we employ the influence and liberty allotted us. The recent Boer-British war was a striking evidence of the success that can be achieved simply by the unity of forces for one grand common good. Their defeat was due to their (Boers) being outnumbered by the British. We should exemplify the virtue and nourish the good that points to the real characterization of unity. Let our mottoes be: Race pride, Race progress, Race interest, Race man and womanhood, and our Heavenly Creator that fashioned us in his likeness will never forsake us as a people.

BOOK REVIEW.

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER,
WILBERFORCE, OHIO.

"Stringtown on the Pike" is a remarkable story, conceived and elaborated with a skill that is consonant with the already world-wide fame of the author; rich in occult dealings, shrouded in deep psychological mystery from beginning to end; ingenious in its construction; highly artistic in plan and execution, and brilliant throughout with imaginative vigor, yet permeated with a deep religious sentiment and glowing with an enthusiasm that is stimulating—even exciting. Prof. Llyod shows a keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature in his description of scenes in and about Stringtown, and indicates fine powers of analysis in his delineation of his interesting characters.

The story is charming, philosophical, fascinating; easy and direct in the realistic presentation of its intensely interesting theme, the characters, always active, presenting new phases and situations throughout the rapid progression of the narrative, keep the reader's eyes constantly on them as each one acts so perfectly his or her part. Cupe is the principal character, and his personality dominates the entire work. He is a Negro of the olden time, one who lived in the almost forgotten past; but one whose splendid qualities of head and heart will ever command our admiration—for there was dignity even in the humble life he lived—dignity bought by honest, loyal devotion to his

charge. Cupe was an honest, faithful, hopeful, sympathetic Negro—one whose heart was full of true love and unfailing devotion; and, while many of the author's psychological observations derived largely, perhaps, from a study of the real Cupe—the Cupe who was, no doubt, a genuine, living human being with whom he was well acquainted in his boyhood days, may be regarded as individual characteristics or idiosyncrasies, yet to element in every Southern community known distinctively as those who are familiar with that ex-slave class, such characteristics or idiosyncrasies represent the most pleasing memories of the majority of this class of Negroes, and many such individuals as Cupe may yet be found in Southern towns, even at this late date. Cupe's native intelligence, convincing manner of emphasizing his point in defense of his peculiar superstitions, his choice and use of words, and the delirious wit, which characterized his expressions, commend him to our most favorable consideration.

The story is a genuine drama of everyday life in the old Kentucky of a half century ago.

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JOHN URI LLOYD.

*A Character Sketch.*

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER.

Prof. John Uri Lloyd, a most versatile man; a chemist, a manufacturing pharmacist, a scientist of lofty attainments, and an author of remarkable ability, was born in West Bloomfield, New York State, April 19, 1849, and received his

education in the private schools of Burlington, Petersburg and Florence, Kentucky. He has written a great number of valuable articles on scientific subjects; has contributions to pharmaceutical journals read by thousands; but his work in speculative fiction give him a place in the fore-front of American authors. His *Etidorphat*, or *The End of Earth*, and his *Stringtown on the Pike*, while widely different, both as to scope and motif, are powerful pieces of fiction and each has a merit of its own. These books will be greatly valued in the future as distinctive American productions.

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AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

BY ELMORE BROCK.

Augustus Michael Hodges, or, as he is more generally known under the nom de plume of "B. Square," is the wielder of a most prolific pen, being the author of scores of novelties, poems, jokes, songs and romances, which have appeared in nearly all of the leading Negro and white journals of the United States.

The literary attempts of Mr. Hodges date back to 1875, when his first poem, "To A. M. H.," appeared in the "Waverley Magazine," Boston, Mass., May 10, 1875. This was followed in the next issue of the "Waverley Magazine" by his poem, "I've Done My Part." These poems and his prose writings soon brought him under the notice of J. W. Cromwell, editor of the "People's Advocate," Washington, D. C., and Dr. B. T. Tanner of the

"Christian Recorder," Philadelphia.

Mr. Hodges was born in Williamsburg (now the Eastern District of Brooklyn, N. Y.) on March 18, 1854. He comes from good "Ole Virginny" stock, his father, the Rev. Willis A. Hodges of Princess Anne County, Va., being a personal friend of the sainted John Brown of Harper's Ferry, who, after the civil war, returned to Virginia, where he had some of the highest election honors conferred upon him, being State Senator, Judge and United States Elector.

In 1890 Mr. A. M. Hodges, the subject of this sketch, started in Brooklyn "The Brooklyn Sentinel,"* which for three years was the leading race paper in New York State. Mr. Hodges is a graduate of Hampton (Va.) College and the Vineland (N. J.) High School and the Werner Latin School. *

* See "The Afro-American Press and its Editors," pages 291-292, I. Garland Penn, Author.

CHICAGO NOTES.

ALBRETA M. SMITH.

The life of woman has become so strenuous and the demands of civilization so complex, that she has been forced into all works of reform and social improvement. To better accomplish this end Women's Clubs were organized, which to-day have become an element of significance and power in the community.

Women's Clubs are gaining every day in efficiency and influence. Their work has passed the stage of vague ideas and entered upon practical work. They are endeavoring

to set a high standard of moral, physical, spiritual and intellectual life; a betterment of human conditions, and a fuller development of women's latent talents.

They should exist for the purpose of ennobling women, and not for the fostering of competition and strife amongst them. Their influence should be so far-reaching that all who come within its dominion will be greatly strengthened and benefited, thus giving them a clearer insight into the character and foibles of human nature.

More women have been made better, more homes happier and the general public at large benefited by their silent influence than any other force. Of course, like anything else, if indulged in to an excess, it is condemnable. Women who are "clubbed" to death, neglecting home and all that pertains to its comfort and happiness, are destructive elements, who greatly retard the progress of Women's Clubs.

Proper club indulgence encourages freedom of speech and independence of thought; yet, if that independence is wrongly used it becomes a curse instead of a blessing.

At the present writing we are aware of the existence of ten popular Colored Women's Clubs in Chicago, namely: Phylliss Wheatley, Colored Women's Business Club, Wayman Circle, Woman's Conference, Institutional Church Woman's Club, Civic League, M. M. Lawson Guild No. 2, Woman's Aid, I. B. W. Woman's Club and

the South End Women's Political Club. Counting the various clubs connected with the different churches, there are in all about twenty-four, all active in philanthropic, social, political and educational circles.

In a future issue of the magazine we will speak more fully of the work being accomplished by the individual clubs above mentioned.

The Phyllis Wheatley Club was the recipient of a rare intellectual treat in the person of Dr. Anna Cooper, who read a very helpful and instructive paper on "Organized Charity." This club is getting a box ready to send to the colored sufferers at Galveston. Any one wishing to contribute clothing, etc., can send such articles to the Chairman, Mrs. Fannie Battles, 4839 Armour Avenue. One of the members of the faculty of Armour Institute of Technology will address them next week on "The Awakening of Art."

Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, one of the most able white divines of the city, addressed a large number of appreciative members of the Institutional Church Women's Club last week on "The Civic Responsibilities of Women."

Dr. A. A. Wesley delivered a very eloquent and instructive address to the members of the Women's Aid last Tuesday.

The Colored Women's Business Club was highly entertained at its social night last week by an address delivered by Mrs. C. E. Cloften, one of the best informed and most

noted women lecturers on business of the Caucasian race. Miss Jane Adams of the Hull House will address the club in December.

The first annual convention of the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs of the State of Illinois was held at the Institutional Church Wednesday and Thursday, November 21, and 22. Some of the brightest club women of the State figured prominently in this, their first State meeting.

A well-attended and enthusiastic meeting of the Phyllis Club of Colored Women was held recently in the Michigan Street Baptist church, Buffalo, N. Y. The club was organized over a year ago for the advancement of the race. It has taken up the matter of a Negro exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition, and the meeting was held for the purpose of taking action regarding the matter.

James A. Ross, the well-known colored politician, addressed the club. He spoke of the apparent prejudice against colored people, and declared that the exhibition officials had made a great mistake in not appointing a colored commissioner to represent the race.

The meeting closed after resolutions were passed to the effect that immediate steps should be taken to inform the Exhibition officials of the desire of the colored people for a Negro exhibit, and declaring that the Negroes of Buffalo were unanimous in demanding that a colored commissioner be appointed.

MENELIK, EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA.

A direct descendant of Solomon the Great and the Queen of Sheba.

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, A PROF. F. G. S. I.

Emperor Menelik, whose real name is Sahala Mariem, was born in 1844 d'Haeli Melicoth, King of Choa, who descended from Menelik I. Trins of the union or descendant from Solomon, King of Israel and the celebrated Queen of Sheba. The question arises as to the authority of this statement, and as the most ancient philosophers claim that it is impossible to cite ancient Abyssinian history, I shall not attempt it. Yet ancient and modern historians claim that the Negus is the direct descendant of this former union. Menelik II. is certainly not an ordinary man, and reflects great credit on his great and glorious ancestor.

Coming from a petty dependency, he has forced his position over almost unsurpassable barriers, and to-day his empire is recognized as a first-class power all over the world. The former emperors of kings were not able to unite these petty kingdoms, but Menelik and his followers declared that there must be a federation and an Emperor over all, and we shall see how well he has succeeded.

But now I must tell you a few of the things about the Abyssinians. Par example their marriage customs are curious, but how do they compare with other nations? They have two kinds of marriages: I.

Marriage Calkidam, at which they have a scimagalles, or a great feast. A banquet is prepared and as many invitations are sent out as possible, for every one that is invited must send or bring a present. The feast lasts five or six days, according to the wealth of the families.



EMPEROR MENELIK.

After the usual salutations all the guests depart and think of the next sciamagelles. This marriage is sanctioned by the Church and used by the aristocracy of the Empire.

The second class marriage, called Marriage Dumoz, is a verbal contract between two persons to live together as man and wife. This marriage is sanctioned by his Majesty's Government, but not by

the Church. They may be divorced as easily as they were wed. They decide to separate, and that ends it if there are no children; if there are children under three years old the mother must keep them until they are three years old, and must collect enough from the father to support them. After they have attained the age of three years, the father must assume entire responsibility. Divorces are not rare among these people, especially the middle classes, but most always from a desire to better their condition. Par example, if the wife is promised more by another man she makes it known to her husband. If he consents, they separate, if not, she must remain. The man, of course, has the same chances. Infidelity is seldom known in Abyssinia; it has been said that most all wives are loyal, whether Calkidamites, or Dumozites.

Many travellers have told curious stories about the Abyssinian, and of the country. One man claimed that in the interior there was a river that ran six days a week and rested on the seventh; others that the lost tribes of Israel were to be found here, and the traveller of to-day finds some parts forbidden, other parts accessible, but the people hospitable, and valiant.

Many of the women have fine features and forms, though some of them are very homely; some have hair almost straight, the others crimply—curly—wooly.

The Negus Menelik at the age of twelve years after the death of

his father in 1856, was compelled to go to Gondar, where he was detained prisoner seven years by the usurper Kassa. An old governor of the capital took the throne by violence under the name of Theodoros II. He succeeded in eluding his keepers, and returned to the province of Choa and made himself known to Ankober as his father's successor. Haeli Melicth, under the name of Menelik II., King of Choa.

His first campaigns against Theodoros were not successful, and feeling the usurper's power too strong he returned to Choa and placed his followers and attention to the west, where Theodoros was weakest. From 1860-7, he conquered the country of Gallas, and Codjam, then to the east, Harrar and lost to the south, the kingdom of Kaffa, that he annexed a little later to the kingdom of Choa. Still he was not successful until 1868, when Theodoros died. Then Johannes came upon the scene and finding it to be the proper time declared Menelik his vassal. But the Ras Area, who was one of the most powerful at that time, declared that Menelik was the lawful heir. The Emperor was killed in a battle with the dervishes at Matama, March 10, 1889.

Menelik lost his champion in the death of the Ras Area, who was then to succeed this autocrat, as Emperor of this vast Empire. In times of war and revolt, or absence of a royal head the Ras occupy the positions of Marchals.

Some of the Ras were in favor of Ras Mangasca, who was the son of the dead Emperor Johannes, and had named him his successor. But the majority of the Ras in council would not listen to it, and on November 4, 1889, Menelik was solemnly recognized, and consecrated Emperor and King of Kings of Ethiopia.

Ras Mangasca, who was in revolt against Menelik, fought for a while; after a time he and Menelik came to an agreement, he receiving the Vice-Royalty of Tigris during his life. This brought the vast Empire of Ethiopia, of which the Emperor is head, under a division of five provinces or petty kingdoms, and may be likened to an Eucalyptus or banyan tree dependent on its branches. Each Province has at its head a Ras, under him are small Ras and provinces governed much the same as states here. The five Provinces are, Harar Governor Ras Makoren, Gogiam Governor the Negus Tacle'aimanot, the country of Galla, Governor Ras Micael, Tigris Ras Mangasca, and Choa, the personal property of the Emperor.

Every Ras is a King in his own right, can make or declare war on one another at will, levy tribute, buy and sell firearms, and enjoy all of the privileges of autocratic monarchs, subject only to the Negus. They are all obliged to appear bearing presents before the Negus as often as it may please him to request them, and to fur-

nish men, money and firearms at any time he is on the verge of war with any foreign power. These powers have never been abused, hence he is today the most loved sovereign in the world.

Menelik was but little known to the western world until 1896, when the world was astounded by a Negro army, managed and fought by this almost unknown King that humiliated one of the first powers of the world by killing and capturing an entire army, and dictating his own terms of peace. Italy desired to increase the sphere of her influence and insisted that Article II. of the treaty of Ucialli be accepted. At a banquet Comte Antonelli, Italy's agent, while discussing this, angered the Empress, who broke into the discussion and remarked, "The Italian Government has communicated to the powers Article 17, but we will also have them to know that that article as it is written in our language has an entirely different meaning." The Italian Government answered, "You people should study our language and you would not make such mistakes. We have our dignity also to guard. It is because we wish you to guard your dignity that we offer this substitute." The Empress did not give him time to finish the phrase, but replied curtly, "You wish a clause which would make the powers believe that we are an Italian dependency, but that will never, never be. Ethiopia will never accept any protectorate." Then the

Emperor handed him a copy of Article II., which read, "His Majesty, Emperor of Ethiopia, most respectfully informs His Majesty, the King of Italy, that he will never cede any of his territories to any power in Europe and never accept any protectorate under any conditions."

Menelik married the widow of one of his generals, Taitou, discarding his first wife, Bafana, for the most noted beauty of the Empire. She was first wife of one of the generals under the old regime, Cagnasmach Zekargatcho, who was shot by order from the Emperor. She afterwards married General Ouled Gabriel, an attache to the Emperor Theodorus, and he was assassinated soon after the marriage. At the death of Theodorus she married Tacle Corguis, but soon divorced him to marry a governor of one of the provinces. King John made him a prisoner, and she then retired to a convent. Afterwards she was sought by Menelik, and was married and created Empress in April, 1883. She hates Europeans, and has been the guide of Menelik since that time. After Menelik had rejected the proposals of the Italian Government and dismissed Comte Anatoli, he tried to arrange the matter with King Humbert, but General Barretieri informed his majesty that with the Italian army he could not only annex Tigris, but the country of Galla as well. Ras Mangacha in a pitched battle on the plains of Jeha met and defeated 10,000 men under Barretieri, cap-

tured 5,000 prisoners, all of the stores, supplies, arms and ammunition, and dictated his own terms of peace from adis-abba, humiliating Italy, and King Humbert was obliged to request the Pope to send a special envoy to conclude the terms of peace.

Italy tried to keep this from the Powers, but it caused such a consternation in Europe that Italian stocks decreased by one-half, and the world turned its attention to Africa and Ethiopia's Negus.

A noted Italian warrior, Lieutenant Roversi, remarked, "I have been six years in Africa, and have had opportunities to see many deaths and many wounded men; I saw the battlefield of Agoodat; I have assisted at all kinds of painful spectacles, but I have never seen anything so awful as that valley of Jeha. I crossed it eight days after the battle, when it was as it was left the day of the battle. None of our poor dead had been buried by the vanquishers, nor robbed, neither had the hyenas or jackals touched them. As far as I could see the corpses were strewn so closely together, that I had to give orders to guide the mules right and left, lest they should step on them. I was obliged to hold my handkerchief to my nose and half close my eyes to shut out this horrible view, and I knew my country's shame was too much to be imagined.

Such was Italy's humiliation in the eyes of the world by attempting to annex a black Emperor's territory.

Many missions have visited the capital of late years, and he has been decorated by most of the European nations. I met his aide-camp in London and his envoys at Paris. They told me he was affable and kind, but the Ras were very haughty. Menelik is nearly six feet tall; his skin is ebony black, with frizzled hair and beard. He is solidly built, and his face is slightly marked with smallpox. He has excellent teeth, and when he smiles it is like a ray of sunshine, so bright his eyes become, and so very intelligent he appears. He is great as an organizer, warrior-general. He has caused the laws to be adjusted to meet the times, his enemies are few, and he

has many friends; is well loved by his subjects and considered just. His dress is a long white muslin veil falling on the shoulders almost to his feet, bound to his forehead with green ribbons. He wears a velvet coat, trimmed with silver and the Legion of Honor and Grand Cordon of Catherine of Russia. An English general at his court spoke of the Roentgen rays, at which the Emperor expressed a desire to see one. The general remarked, "I should have brought you one but I thought that you might be afraid of it; probably my people would have been 100 years ago." But this you know is a progressive age. How many sovereigns of Europe would change with him?

ALL MEN ARE UNDERTAKERS,

PRESTON TAYLOR, NASHVILLE, TENN.

This article is the first in the series of "Helpful Thoughts for Young Men." It is written by a business man who has made a large success in his chosen line.

One man undertakes to become a professional man, another undertakes to become a mechanic, and still another undertakes to become a merchant, and so on throughout the generations. Every one undertakes to accomplish something, but the undertaker we shall speak particularly of in this article is in funeral undertaker.

In olden times everyone was afraid of the man among the dead with his raised top coffin. And custom began the work of stopping the clock, turning the pictures over, covering the mirrors and making

everything correspondingly sad and gloomy; but the methods of the modern undertaker are altogether different, and everything is left home-like and beautiful, flowers are seen, and every one blends their influence to make the sunshine lighten up the darkened home. Instead of "Hark from the Tomb," we hear the song, "In Bright Mansions Above," and the piano the voice join to celebrate the going home of a precious soul.

What changes have revolutionized the funerals of to-day. We used to say hearse, now it is car,

handsomely carved, draped and mounted, drawn by the best steeds the world can produce. We used to say coffin, now it is "casket," and it well deserves a new name.

I saw the remains of President James K. Polk exhumed after a burial of forty years, and his was the finest coffin made in that day. Coffin shape, raised top and such as we see used to-day only in the pauper work. To-day we have the handsomest caskets in all designs, carved in every wood known to the trade, covered with all the tints of plush and cloth, and draped in the most artistic styles.

We wish to speak of the funeral director under three heads:

1. As a gentleman.
2. As a business man.
3. His capital.

The community ought never to employ one to direct the burial of their dead that is not a gentleman in every detail. He can above every other man deal a deadly blow to the already stricken ones. He comes into the home in the hour of the deepest trouble, when, almost without an exception, his advice is taken as well as his figures. He is not called in to comfort or console the mourners, nor is he expected to heap sorrow upon grief. Many families are not able to do what they would like to do for the dead. He must remember, in helping this class of people he helps his business. Others desire the very finest outfit, and he must be equal to his business and give the burial in accordance with the circumstance of the ones he is dealing with.

II. As a Business Man.—It requires the very best qualifications to be a successful undertaker, and to be anything less than a first-class funeral director is mockery. Let any young man who is considering this line of work have an ambition to make his business "the equal of any man in the same calling," and when you catch up with him, go ahead and lead him. "A leader, and not a follower, is more desirable in business."

How can I be all this? asks one. If you don't know, learn. Spend your vacation with a first-class undertaker, and be taught. Take all the first-class journals, magazines, papers and books published in the interest of the craft. Attend a good embalming school every year, go and see other men how they handle their funerals, and do not feel you know too much to learn.

Cultivate solid business principles in all your business dealings, and it will grow. Do not under any circumstances be a snide undertaker or one that sends advertisements through the mail to the living, and on the lookout for the sick and dying, and ask for their burial before or after the breath goes from their bodies. Some we have heard of carrying crape around with them, looking for the dead. This method will and ought to drive business from the ones who practice this method. Wait for the call, and if they don't call you it is a sure sign they don't want you.

III. His Capital.—This may be like the frog pound, very small, but it must grow, and only needs a

good husbandman to garner the harvest. There ought to be one of our young men in the undertaking business in every town and county where there are located any number of our race. The business is easily learned, and it does not take a large capital in the hands of the right man to handle the trade. The German wants his undertaker, the Irish wants his undertaker, the American wants his undertaker and the Negro wants his undertaker. Why not supply them all? For the profit is sufficient for the laborer. As we know our own affairs better than those of any other, without being called an egotist, may we be allowed to state the plain facts for the encouragement of any young man looking for a chance in the business world.

Thirteen years ago we began the undertaking business here without a dollar. A friend sold us a bill of goods amounting to about three hundred dollars on ninety days' time, and we borrowed one hundred dollars from another friend to

meet the current expenses. From that day to this we have never borrowed a dollar or had a bill presented we did not pay at sight. We have handled over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of business in the thirteen years, and we have fully fifty thousand dollars left as profit, consisting of one of the largest establishments of its kind in the country.

The building is a two-story brick, divided into office, chapel, show rooms, trimming room, morgue, carpenter shop, paint shop and stable, with a complete line of stock. The funeral cars, carriages, horses, harness and livery are as fine as can be found in Nashville, Beside Greenwood Cemetery, one of the most lovely spots that nature ever gave to man for a burial ground, forty acres, with avenues, circles, thousands of trees, shrubs and flowers, a beautiful lake, arbors, buildings and many other improvements, standing forth to the glory of God and the pride of the race.

UNDERCURRENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

OLIVIA WARD BUSH.

Standing on the threshold of a new century, with its suggestive outlook for greater development in the material world, new and improved lines of thought, together with expansive moral and mental forces, every race, nation or people burns with an eager desire to meet the demands attendant upon the conditions of a new era.

Necessity requires that colored Americans conform to existing circumstances in accordance with their possibilities and capabilities.

While it is true that former years of enforced dependence on the favored race have interfered with, yet not totally destroyed, the needed consciousness of responsibility in

us, and which is a requisite in the ever-changing and constantly improving business world, there is a condition over which we have entire control, and for which we have individual agency, namely, Improved Social Law, which eventually must terminate in positive success in business life and moral attainments.

There is a fixed law in the natural order of things, that material and moral discoveries for the good of humanity have always their opposing and contradictory forces.

For instance, the social life of the present day is far more attractive than in past centuries, and we must admit that its moral side has been largely cultivated, but its evils, too, have become greater in proportion with its improvement.

We bask in the glittering light and brilliant effect of the elegant surroundings, carefully designed to allure and dazzle the individual into complete unconsciousness of what the true life is, unmindful that

the offered glass, with its sparkling contents, is slowly yet surely sapping the foundation of our highest ambitions, fascinated with a few hours of pleasure, we participate again and again, until worthy desire is completely usurped by frivolity.

Confronted with one of the greatest problems of the day, and of which we are the central figure, it is the time for careful thought, guarded action, proper disposition of financial possession and the sacrifice of useless customs for combined effort in the all-absorbing issues which tend to our advancement.

Young men and women, let us arouse from this apathy and indifference, and if it be true that servitude has deterred us in material progress, now under an improved social law let us lay anew the foundation necessary to the success of any people which shall furnish moral incentives for real progress, and which shall reward decisive action with actual development.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

As we are constantly in receipt of inquiries from New York City regarding the matter of subscriptions and advertising in our Magazine, we take this occasion to call the attention of all our readers and friends to the fact that we have two branch offices in New York, where all our business for Greater New York is attended to. These offices are located, one at 45-47 Park Place, New York City, and

the other at 162 Prince Street, Brooklyn. At both of these offices will be found persons who will give all needed information regarding both subscriptions and advertising. All persons desiring to canvass in Greater New York are respectfully referred to either of these two offices for full instructions. Our New York office is in charge of General Agent N. Barnett Dodson, and the Brooklyn end

of the work is looked after by his efficient partner, Mrs. Dodson. The work of these two energetic representatives has already made itself felt on our subscription list. May they have the hearty support and encouragement of every member and friend of the race in our great Metropolis.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our thousands of readers the appointment of Mr. J. Alexandre Skeete as one of our staff artists. Mr. Skeete was born in British Guiana, S. A., Jan. 16, 1874. Having inherited an artistic temperament from his mother, he came to Boston in August, 1888, to begin the study of art. From the first Mr. Skeete showed great promise, and after the regular course graduated with honor from the Cowles Art School, Boston. Soon after his graduation Mr. Skeete went abroad to perfect his studies. On his return he immediately took up illustrative work on the Boston Herald and other papers. In this issue we present an example of his work, the two illustrations for the poem, "A Christmas Reunion," and the full-page illustration for the story, "General Washington."

Mr. Skeete has in mind a vast amount of material from which to illustrate some of our regular stories in the near future.

The article by Prof. Theo. Drury upon "The Science of Vocal Culture," announced for this issue, has

been unavoidably delayed, and will not appear until the January issue.

Owing to the pressure of his constantly increasing law practice, it has become necessary for our Richmond agent, Mr. J. Thomas Hewin, to resign from his active representation of our publications in that city. We have, however, been very fortunate in securing the services of two young men, well known in Richmond, to succeed Mr. Hewin in this important field. Messrs. Brightwell and Ammons have already started in on a thorough canvass of the city, and that their efforts will be successful to a large degree we have no doubt. Our new agents will have their headquarters at 100 East Leigh Street, and they cordially invite all interested in the advancement of the only high-class illustrated monthly in the world devoted exclusively to the Negro-race, to co-operate with them in making Richmond the banner city on our subscription list.

We are desirous of making this Magazine a medium of great good, as well as becoming the recognized authority on all matters looking toward the betterment of the race everywhere. To this end we urge OUR PEOPLE to send to the Magazine their ideas, stories, poems, etc. Let us have your best thoughts and highest aspirations, so voiced as to appeal to every reader, and you can thus help forward that better day, which the opening century will surely bring.

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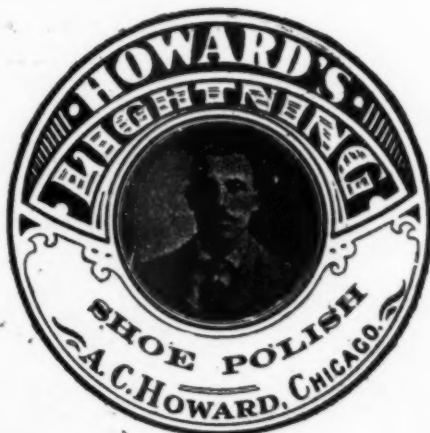
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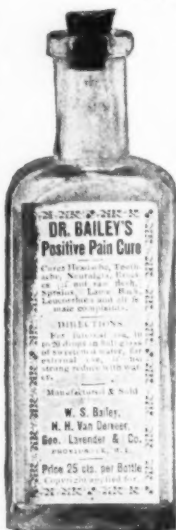
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